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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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PRESIDENT McKINLEY AND HIS CABINET IN 1899

John Hay is in the center of the picture, at McKinley's right; just behind him is Elihu Root.

A Conducted Tour

THE EDWARDIAN ERA. By André Maurois. New York: The Appleton-Century Co. 1933. $3.50.

Reviewed by ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD

MOST people have heard the story of how a Frenchman, an Englishman, a German, and in some versions, a Pole, had a competition which should write the best treatise on the camel. The Frenchman was the first in the field, for he called a taxi and drove straight off to the *Jardin des Plantes,* and then, having spent a few attentive minutes in front of the camel's enclosure, returned home and dashed off an essay, brilliantly lucid and sparkling with epigram—"Voilà le chameau!"

M. Maurois differs from his distinguished compatriot principally in the fact that he does not seem quite able to make up his mind whether he is writing about a camel or a dromedary, the camel, saving his august memory, being Edward VII, and the dromedary the era dignified by his name. As a survey of the latter, the book suffers from the disproportionate space and emphasis devoted to the doings of royalty and the pageantry of court life. M. Maurois cannot even resist prefixing to the biography of Edward VII another one of his mother, which, though neither camel nor dromedary, has the advantage of being the best piece of writing in the book, and gives a more sympathetic estimate of her widowed personality than we get from Lytton Strachey.

For an era, no more inconvenient termination could be chosen than the death of King Edward, which has the effect of the sudden fading out of a wireless, just as the music is beginning to work up towards a climax. The shears that snip the thread of one life must needs also sever those of domestic and foreign policy, and leave them hanging untidily loose. The issue of the Lords' Veto is still only half decided; the Irish storm-cloud darkens the sky, but has not yet burst; European war is more and more visibly threatened, but two crises have been surmounted, and no man can tell whether wisdom or suicide will prevail. Everything is in a state of flux and indecision.

But then it is hardly M. Maurois's purpose to penetrate into the soul of the epoch, so much as to write one of those pageant or cavalcade histories that Mr.

(*Continued on page* 253)

The Symbolic Flight of a Modern Icarus

ICARO. By Lauro de Bosis. With a Translation from the Italian by Ruth Draper. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

ALMOST every one found out about Lauro de Bosis after the event. Professor Gilbert Murray felt the name was vaguely familiar when the news of the Roman exploit reached him, and then discovered that the young Italian who had sent him some translations of Sophocles and Aeschylus together with an original verse drama was none other than the hero of the strange episode. I myself was given a copy of "Icaro" in Florence over two years ago. I glanced hastily over it, saw that it was on severe classical lines, and turned to matters which seemed to me of more immediate importance. Then a month or so afterward I was electrified as I read in a Paris paper of a queer event at Rome. An airplane, it appeared, had swooped down upon the city and for twenty minutes had scattered propaganda hostile to the régime. Pilot and plane had then vanished eastward in the twilight, pursued by a hornet's nest of Fascist warplanes of at least twice his speed. The rest was silence. The pilot in question was Lauro de Bosis, then in his thirty-second year. He had learned to fly in order to make that gesture. And he had had only seven hours solo when he dared a flight from Marseilles to Rome. Furthermore he knew that his enemies were on the alert, for he had attempted it before, but owing to trouble of some kind had been forced down in Corsica, where the French authorities were not pleased by a load of eighty kilograms of propaganda. In view of these facts, to me the performance seems, after as cold an appraisal as I am able to make, the most valiant act of our times, and quite on a par with any feat of arms (for one must call it that) done in human history. The very aviators that drove him over the Adriatic must know that de Bosis has written his name permanently beside those of the great heroes. And in a stinking time the large old courage smells as sweet as ever.

Whoever reads the extraordinary "Story of My Death," which he wrote on the night before the flight and posted a few minutes before he climbed into his cock-

(*Continued on page* 254)

John Hay: An Estimate*

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE

THE present biography of John Hay embodies the results of a candid and conscientious use of the materials in the author's possession. In view of what it reveals, even an enemy of Dr. Dennett, to say nothing of his friends, could hardly suspect him of having suppressed anything. Nor has he set down aught in malice. He feels, as I did, that Hay's previous biographer, Thayer, had sacrificed him to his hero, Theodore Roosevelt, solely on the latter's recounting of his own deeds, as, for instance, in the case of the Venezuelan blockade, which was eventually dramatized as a critical and momentous incident. But Hay was not the only person who thus suffered at Thayer's hands. Taking the Alleghenies as a dividing line, western men in general, including President McKinley, to whom Dr. Dennett does discerning justice, were, in the words of the Hon. Bardwell Slote, committed to posterity "unhonored," if "unhung."

The actual facts in the case of the Venezuelan blockade are matters of public record; they may be found in the sixth volume of my "Digest of International Law." The truth, and I know it at first hand, is that, so long as there was no attempt permanently to occupy Venezuelan territory—and on this point the written utterances of the three European blockading powers, and particularly those of Germany, were frankly and publicly accepted—Washington, which had troubles of its own with President Castro, was not specially sorry to see him weaned from his persistent refusal to admit diplomatic interposition in the matters in controversy. As late as November 13, 1902, Hay told the British ambassador at Washington that the United States "could not object" to European powers taking steps to obtain redress from Central and South American countries "provided that no acquisition of territory was contemplated," and this was quoted by President Roosevelt himself in a speech at Chicago on April 12, 1903. These public, notorious facts, to say nothing of others that might be detailed, are altogether incompatible with the day-dream of crisis that later sprang up and flourished in new and favorable soil.

As Dr. Dennett's volume is fresh from the press, I have seen only the review of it in the *New York Herald Tribune.* This review, which is printed as a framework about Alexander's "sketch" portrait of Hay of 1886, bears the headline "A True Gentleman and Scholar in Politics," and opens with the statement that Hay "is remembered today as the author of the 'Pike County Ballads,' of which he was ashamed, and of the 'Bread-Winners,' which he denied, and of the Open Door Policy, which was his by adoption." This summary is later mitigated by the statement: "Yet his achievements, both in the field of letters and of diplomacy, had substance as well as atmosphere." Although the reviewer probably did not write the headline, it really reflects the emphasis here and there solicitously placed by Hay himself on the word "gentleman."

There are various conceptions of what constitutes a gentleman. The ideal was supposed to be represented by the Chevalier Bayard, who was said to be "without fear and without reproach." But, when President Grant was charged with excessive drinking, the answer that he "drank no more than a gentleman should" was deemed sufficient; and it was once said to the credit of a man of fashion, who became involved in a scandal, that he "perjured himself like a gentleman." While these tests tend to confuse the mind, it is certain that, beginning with Livingston and Jay, under the Articles of Confederation, and with Jefferson, Randolph, Madison, and Monroe, under the Constitution, it can hardly be considered a mark of distinction among our secretaries for foreign affairs to be classed simply as a "gentleman," or, superlatively, as a "true gentleman." Hay in the closing sentence of his eulogy of McKinley said that McKinley "taught us how a gentleman should die." This was in 1902. In 1903 he expressed to Roosevelt in a personal letter the comfort he found in working for a President "who, besides being a lot of other things, happened to be born a gentleman." Here a certain emphasis evidently was laid on the accident of birth. And yet, no contrast could be greater than the patient, even tender, consideration invariably shown to Hay by McKinley, and the jolts which, as Dr. Dennett shows, he often endured from Roosevelt. There is nothing to indicate that Hay ever felt slighted or wounded by anything Abraham Lincoln either said or did; but I am not aware that he ever called Lincoln a "gentleman." Indeed, Dr. Dennett remarks that in Lincoln he "had to overlook many standards upon which he himself set great store." In reality, was not this one of the "mysterious reasons," which Dr. Dennett is at a loss to supply, for Hay's having ended his service at the White House before Lincoln's "great responsibilities," growing out of the war, "were over"? Personally, I consider the last sentence of Hay's otherwise admirable address on McKinley to be the weakest in it. William McKinley, by grace of God, did not need to be catalogued as a gentleman, either living or dying.

Dr. Dennett introduces his narration of Hay's career as Secretary of State by a

* *JOHN HAY: From Poetry to Politics. By Tyler Dennett. New York: Dodd, Mead & Company.* 1933. $3.75.

This Week

BEHIND THE DOCTOR
By LOGAN CLENDENING
Reviewed by Edward C. Streeter

THE MAID SILJA
By F. E. SILLANPAA
Reviewed by Phillips D. Carleton

WITHIN THIS PRESENT
By MARGARET AYER BARNES
Reviewed by Gladys Graham

IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN
By MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT
Reviewed by Suzanne LaFollette

THE OLD MAN DIES
By ELIZABETH SPRIGGE
Reviewed by Basil Davenport

THE BOWLING GREEN
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

A BOOK OF AMERICANS
By STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT and ROSEMARY BENÉT
Reviewed by David McCord

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summary of his achievements. The advantage of this method may be open to doubt. We are told that Hay "obtained the security of an unbroken Alaskan coastline"; "a clear title to the exclusive possession of Tutuila, one of the best harbors in the South Pacific"; "the right by treaty for the United States to build and defend the Panama Canal"; "the acquiescence of England to [*sic*] American paramountcy in the Caribbean sea"; and "in China, substantial support, until the formation of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in 1902, of the doctrine of the integrity of the Chinese Empire." We are assured that these concessions were accompanied by the hearty good will of England in the transfer of the Philippines to American sovereignty, and that for the whole the United States "conceded a couple of islands on the Alaskan coast; yielded equality of rates through the proposed canal, and surrendered in Samoa a tripartite agreement which had already proved unworkable."

We may consider these claims in the order in which they are stated. Hay no doubt loyally defended the cause of the United States respecting Alaska. As Third Assistant Secretary of State, in the first administration of Cleveland, it fell to my lot to take part in the early informal conferences with Canada on the Alaskan boundary; and, before publishing in the *North American Review*, in October, 1899, my article on that subject, I conferred with Hay and found that he entertained no doubt as to the rights of the United States. The Canadian claim was, in my opinion, peculiarly groundless, even though some of those who urged it may have believed in it. The dispute was submitted, in 1903, not to an arbitral board, but to a joint commission, composed of three citizens of the United States and three British subjects, who were to decide by a majority vote. Hence, no decision could be made unless an appointee of one party should cast his vote in favor of the other. The treaty provided that the appointees should [illegible]rtial jurists of repute," who [illegible]onsider judicially the questions [illegible] to them." Great Britain ap[illegible]ord Alverstone, Chief Justice of England; the Lieutenant-Governor of Quebec, and a British Queen's Counsel. President Roosevelt appointed Elihu Root, Secretary of War; Henry Cabot Lodge, a senator from Massachusetts, and George Turner, a former senator from the State of Washington. Of Root's eminence as a jurist there could be no question. It does not reflect on Turner to say that he had, in his political career, been a last-ditch upholder of the claim of the United States. Hay, in a private letter to Henry White, expressed special regret over the appointment of Lodge, who, he said, "as if the devil were inspiring him, took occasion last week to make a speech in Boston, one-half of it filled with abuse of the Canadians, and the other half with attacks on the State Department." He further stated that Lodge had insisted on being appointed to the tribunal. A decision favorable to the United States was reached by the casting vote of Lord Alverstone. While the case was pending, a report became current that Roosevelt had declared that, if the tribunal evenly divided, he would at once militarily occupy the territory in dispute. Hay did not approve such manœuvres; but it was whispered that they influenced Lord Alverstone's vote. Lord Alverstone immediately denounced this insinuation, and the denunciation is repeated in his autobiography. But evil reports have a special capacity for self-perpetuation.

Dr. Dennett, referring to Hay's appointment as Secretary of State, remarks that "Sherman and Day, like Bayard, were easy men to follow," meaning that it was easy to shine by contrast with them. Sherman had been a statesman of great power; but it is true that, when he became the head of the cabinet, his memory had begun to fail. Day, some time after serving as Secretary of State, became a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States; and the record of his competency, independence, and sound judgment in that high station does not need to be supplemented by personal testimony. My associations with him, first in the Department of State and then at Paris, where I had the official title of secretary and counsel to the Peace Commission and fully discharged both functions, were of the closest character; and I feel justified in saying that, during the period of our coöperation in Washington, President McKinley was not troubled with the task, with which Dr. Dennett shows that he was later burdened, of revising diplomatic drafts. As for Bayard, had he never been Secretary of State, there is small likelihood that there would ever have fallen to Hay the perfunctory part of accepting the allotment of Tutuila, of which Dr. Dennett speaks as "one of the best harbors in the South Pacific." Strictly speaking, the harbor in question is the bay of Pago-Pago, in the island of Tutuila.

"THESE ARE MY JEWELS"

A cartoon from Life, 1904. *Reproduced by the author with a quotation from a letter of Roosevelt to Lodge: "In the Department of State [Hay's] usefulness to me was almost exclusively that of a fine figure head."*

As I was officially connected with the Samoan controversy in its early stages and afterwards, I could narrate its entire history from personal recollection. But this would be superfluous, as there has just been published an authentic and exhaustive history of the subject by Dr. G. H. Ryden, of the University of Delaware. Both Germany and Great Britain recognized the ancient rights of the United States in the harbor of Pago-Pago, and the partition of the group, under which Tutuila fell to the United States, was desired by both, in their own interest as well as in that of the natives. Nor was there any opposition by Germany or by Great Britain to our acquisition of the Philippines. Great Britain earnestly desired it. No American had anything to do with the creation of this sentiment. The great engineering strike in England having resulted in the transfer to Germany of a profitable market in the Philippines, Great Britain dreaded that, unless the United States took over the islands, Germany might obtain from Spain preferential rights in them, if not their actual cession. Did space permit, I might enlarge on this subject. But I have yet one thing more to say concerning Bayard. With an aggressive courage and constructive force such as Hay had no occasion to exhibit either under McKinley or under Roosevelt, Bayard initiated and fought for the amicable and final settlement of the age-long dispute as to the North Atlantic fisheries that was incorporated in the Bayard-Chamberlain treaty of February 15, 1888. The treaty was debated by the Senate in open session, in the midst of a presidential campaign, with great partisan rancor. It was not ratified; but, with the *modus vivendi* that accompanied it, it brought tranquillity. On January 27, 1909, Elihu Root and James Bryce signed, at Washington, an agreement under which all the questions at issue were referred to the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague. Not only did the award sustain Bayard's contentions, but it incorporated, in important particulars, the very terms of the unratified treaty. Bayard also made the first proposal, which was eventually carried out, for the protection of the fur seals in Bering Sea by joint international action.

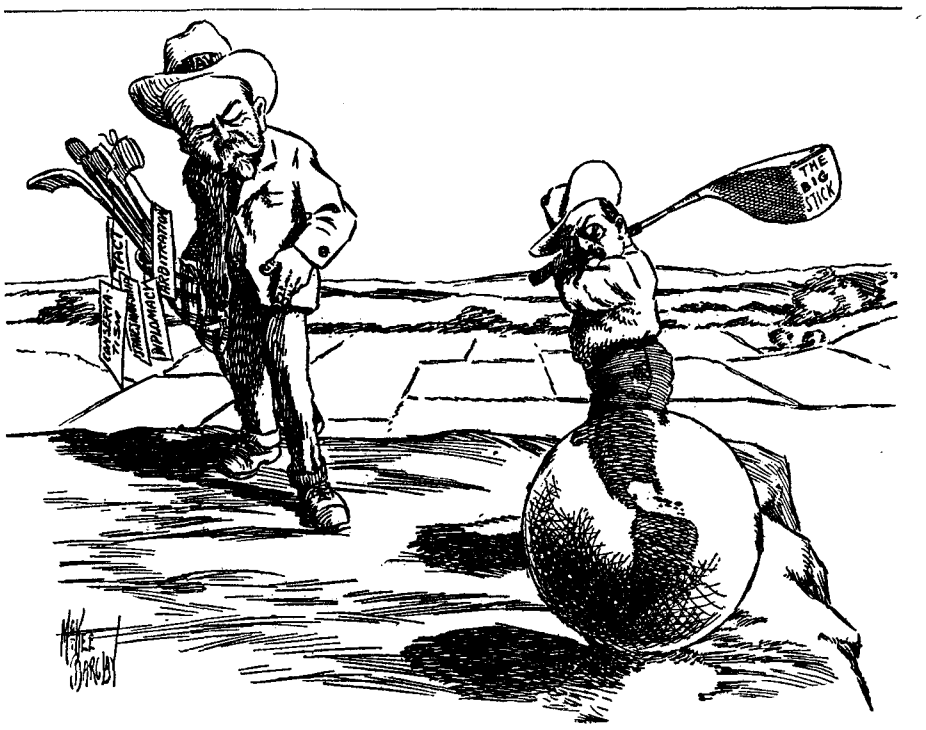
The first Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was signed at Washington on February 5, 1900. It was based upon and sought to perpetuate the great principle of neutralization or, as some say, internationalization, that was enshrined in the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty of April 19, 1850. The only material departure was the concession to the United States of the right directly to construct and manage the canal, and to protect it by military police against lawlessness and disorder. In 1850 it was not believed that the federal government could constitutionally engage in such an enterprise on foreign soil. But constitutional views had changed. On the other hand, the opening of the Suez Canal, which the British government substantially owned and actually controlled, modified the attitude of that government towards the ownership, if not the control, of the trans-isthmian canal by the United States. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was negotiated as well as signed at Washington. It seems that some kind of a draft was discussed in London, but Dr. Dennett has been unable to discover by whom the draft as signed was presented.

Immediately after my return from Paris, towards the end of December, 1899, Hay confidentially handed to me a draft of the treaty. Only one or two verbal changes were afterwards made in it. The draft was written on the paper of the British embassy. Pauncefote was a master of the subject. He had conducted in Europe, as the representative of his government, the negotiations relating to the Suez Canal convention of 1888. He needed no instructions. In saying this I do not intend to disparage Hay. As Dr. Dennett points out, I publicly defended the treaty, and my defense was reprinted as a pamphlet by the Department of State. Unfortunately, Hay had not conferred with senators and other persons of political importance, and taken them into his confidence. He assumed that the treaty would be approved by the Senate. Among the first to denounce it was a member of his particular coterie in Washington—Theodore Roosevelt. Public feeling rose high. The treaty was radically amended by the Senate, and the changes were substantially accepted by the British government. The treaty, as thus altered, was signed at Washington on November 18, 1901. In yielding to the requirements of the Senate, the British government probably was influenced by the fact that the terms of the convention of 1888, by which the Suez Canal was ostensibly neutralized, had, as the British Foreign Office in 1898 publicly informed the House of Commons, "not been brought into practical operation."

The account given of Hay's conduct during the Boer War can scarcely enhance his fame. The intimation, even without accompanying particulars, that his espousal of the British cause was "probably" no inconsiderable factor in his success in obtaining concessions from England in matters of more immediate interest to the United States might be more impressive, were it not followed by the further interpretations that he was never an "under-dog" man; that his associations in America were with those who had, rather than with those who had not; that his friends in England were chiefly Tories and always among the ruling classes; that he believed in the British Empire, and had great regard for its wealth and power; that the harrowing details of the Cuban concentration camps had not disturbed him, any more than had the evils of slavery thirty-five years before—and more to the same effect. Most significant of all is the letter he wrote to the United States minister at The Hague, urging him discreetly and indirectly to have the impression conveyed to ex-President Kruger, then an exile in Holland, that it would not be to his advantage to visit America, especially as he would be most warmly welcomed by assailants of the administration. No wonder that McKinley, on learning what had been done, directed that the minister be requested to consider the letter "as not written," and to return it, together with the letter conveying the request.

Naturally and, we may say, inevitably a chapter in the present biography is devoted to the recognition of Panama, and the events that preceded and followed it. The impression is expressly conveyed that the transaction was not altogether honorable. It is said to be "doubtful whether Roosevelt and Hay, without the Senators, could have saved the honor of the American Government," and that the United States "never had a Secretary of State who would have been able to do it alone." No doubt there were senators who preferred the Panama to the Nicaragua route, and the Senate necessarily had to act on the treaty with the Republic of Panama that was substituted for the treaty which the Colombian Congress had refused to ratify; but there is nothing to show that any senator was consulted concerning the recognition of the Republic of Panama, authorized by Hay's telegram of November 6, 1903, after what Dr. Dennett calls the "opera bouffe revolution staged" in the cities of Panama and Colon on November 3 and 4. It is intimated that Hay did not himself fully approve of what was done, and that he "had for months been merely a chip driven on the waves of a 'cosmic tendency.'" Certain passages are cited to prove this. Nevertheless, there is quoted a letter to James Ford Rhodes of December 8, 1903, in which Hay said: "I had no hesitation as to the proper course to take, and have had no doubt of the propriety of it since." Moreover, seven months later, in the address delivered on July 6, 1904, at Jackson, Michigan, in celebration of the founding of the Republican party, Hay declared that Roosevelt "struck while the iron was hot on the anvil of opportunity, and forged as perfect a bit of honest statesmanship as this generation has seen."

Perhaps these expressions of entire and even enthusiastic approval may to some extent be reconciled with mental dissent by accepting Dr. Dennett's view that Hay was "never a very ardent fighter for his opinions." Perhaps a further reconciliation may be found in Hay's private description of the Colombian politicians as "greedy little anthropoids." But, this was not the language of statesmanship. While disputes over money have often impelled governments to go to war, claims of national right are not established by oppro-



A contemporary cartoon on Roosevelt's intervention in foreign policy, with reference to the Venezuela affair and the Alaskan boundary dispute.

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brious epithets. Dr. Dennett exposes as an imposture on the part of the Administration the celebrated telegram, sent to the American consul-general at Tangier in 1904, for the delectation of the Republican national convention then sitting at Chicago, demanding "Perdicaris alive or Raisuli dead." This was at best a cheap bit of political clap-trap of an uncommonly low order. Hay signed the telegram, but left it to Roosevelt to decide whether it should be sent. I venture to believe that, if Hay had taken a firm stand, his refusal to send such a message would not have produced a cabinet crisis. A profound change in our attitude towards Latin America took place when Root became Secretary of State. That he pursued his own counsels no one has ever doubted.

On the exchange of notes concerning China in 1900-1901, and the acquiescence of England in American paramountcy in the Caribbean, it is not possible on this occasion to speak at length. But it is plain that, apart from the Hay-Pauncefote treaty, as amended by the Senate, nothing decisive in either matter was done by the United States from 1900 to 1904. The phrase "open door," as applied to the Far East, had long been in use, and was only a later designation of a commercial policy applied by Great Britain when, on acquiring Hong Kong, nearly sixty years before, she made it a free port. It was the basis on which the European powers afterwards coöperated in using force to open China to trade. Later came the spheres of interest, the threatened break-up of China, and the precautionary, if not preliminary, acquisition of European strongholds. When, at length, Japan in 1904 declared war on Russia, the latter had established her power over Manchuria, and was reaching out for Korea. No American, no European, power stayed the Russian advance, although Japan in resorting to arms was soothed and sustained by her British alliance. It is certain that, as regards the Far East, there has lately been a tendency in the United States to accept fictitious phrases at imaginary values. A similar tendency has been exhibited even as regards Europe. To this process of mental inflation I do not intend to intimate that Dr. Dennett has contributed or succumbed. I mention it chiefly as a caution to those who would unadvisedly gamble on the great diplomatic bourse.

On one point I venture to expostulate. Dr. Dennett represents the Department of State, when Hay became its head, as "an antiquated, feeble organization, enslaved by precedents" and inherited "routine," abhorring the typewriter as "a necessary evil" and the telephone as "an instrument of last resort," and "hardly adequate to the new responsibilities of the United States as a world power." For what I deem to be good and sufficient reasons, I have consistently maintained that the United States has always been in the highest sense a world power. But I am not just now concerned with that question, or with the question whether the use of typewriters and telephones in diplomacy has contributed to the present happy state of international relations. What I have in mind is the old Department, as I knew it by personal contact, by personal study of its records, and by personal testimonies not preserved in books.

Dr. Dennett speaks of Hunter and Adee as the incorporation of whatever was continuous in American foreign relations for about three-quarters of a century. I knew them both. My first year in the Department was spent in Adee's office, though I worked for the most part directly with the Secretary of State and with the solicitor, Dr. Wharton. The next year Hunter died. Adee was appointed to succeed him, and I was made Third Assistant Secretary. Adee and Hunter were remarkably unlike. Dr. Dennett says that Adee was "a good imitator, and could so merge his personality with that of his superior that no one could tell in the final draft where Adee's red-inked interlineations had been inserted." In this there is much truth, but the quality of imitation does not determine policies. Adee probably most influenced decisions when he served with Hay, his former associate at Madrid, whose literary instincts he shared. Hunter served the Department fifty-seven years, and from time to time held most of the important positions in it. In his stalwart frame there was an element of iron, and his mind was similarly tenacious. For many years he was the only and indispensable guide to the Department's records, as well as the repository of its traditions and a responsible draftsman of its instructions and notes. Bancroft Davis, a great Assistant Secretary, and John H. Haswell, founder of the Bureau of Archives and Indexes, often recounted to me his invaluable services, which were on occasion publicly attested by Secretaries of State, such as Seward, Fish, and Evarts. His career may fitly be likened to that of old Hammond, of the British Foreign Office, who retired, however, after he had served for fifty years. In efficiency, I feel at liberty to affirm that the standard reached by the Department in the years 1886-'89, when Bayard was its laborious head, Francis Wharton its solicitor, George L. Rives its Assistant Secretary, Adee its Second Assistant Secretary, and myself its Third, has never been surpassed. In my own behalf I would plead only twelve to fourteen hours a day of strenuous work. Wharton, a prodigy in industry, was world-renowned for his knowledge of law and of history, while Rives, who had exceptional capacity for business, deserves to be ranked with Bancroft Davis among the great Assistant Secretaries.

In closing my review of Thayer's book, I remarked that, although I did not have with Hay a long, continuous, and intimate association, I happened to be thrown with him at times when he was under much stress, as in the summer of 1900; and that I had formed of him an impression more serious and more favorable than that which Thayer's account, which was perverted by his own attitude towards later events and by his preference for other individuals, would justify. Dr. Dennett has distorted nothing and omitted nothing. We cannot censure his sympathetic attitude towards a man not of robust physique, with a highly delicate and sensitive mental organization, given to moods of effervescence as well as of depression, who, in positions of public responsibility, strove to achieve worthy ends. On the record as presented, he can hardly rank with the Secretaries of State who, being masters in their own household, have originated policies and carried through specific measures, such as the great Treaty of Washington of May 8, 1871, that mark the turning points in our diplomatic history. For such achievements definite conceptions, fixity of purpose, constancy in action, and a determination to conciliate as well as to bear down opposition, are indispensable.

LOAFING AROUND THE THRONE
A contemporary cartoon referring to Hay's European trip in 1905, when he was besieged with invitations to visit the principal courts.

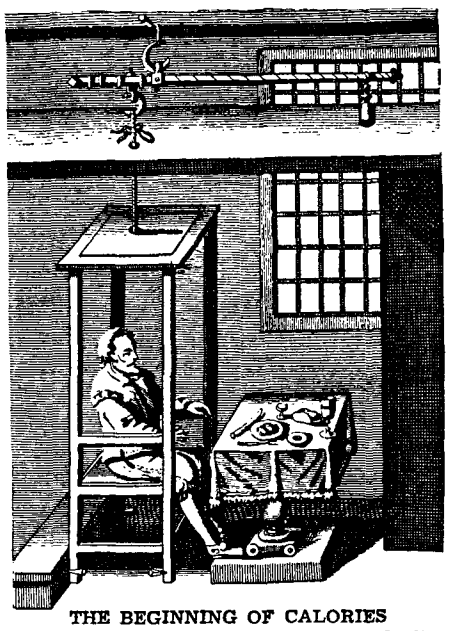
John Bassett Moore, who was for many years an assistant secretary of state, is now the American member of the Permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague.

Men of Medicine

BEHIND THE DOCTOR. By Logan Clendening. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by EDWARD C. STREETER, M. D.

DR. CLENDENING has written an extremely entertaining history of medicine, on a novel plan and in the accustomed idiom of the layman for whom it was designed. "Behind the Doctor" is a vivid, episodic account of the main achievements of man in the field of medicine from prehistoric times to the present. The reader is spared all the disorienting and story-obstructing material that cumbers the pages of formal histories of medicine. He is projected down the main stream of medical progress at such clever speed as to leave him amazed and delighted with the gliding grace of his transit through the wilderness. He gets no glimpse of the extravagances and errors of pseudo-science, the vagaries and "isms" which have crossed and all but choked that stream. The stream is full-flowing and rapid. All the delays and divagations incidental to the advance of physic and the growth of the medical services are left in the background; quite out of view also are the old fatigues and weaknesses, unproductive periods and retrograde motions by which the scientific spirit has been overtaken in the past. To prove how faltering and discontinuous was progress in medicine between the age of Greek accomplishment and the Renaissance would run counter to the purpose of the present volume. Dr. Clendening's aim is to maintain the reader's interest and zest, through steady acceleration, throughout the voyage.



THE BEGINNING OF CALORIES
Sanctorius weighing himself before and after a meal. From "Behind the Doctor."

Concision, not in the sense of mutilation but of selectivity, gives potent aid to a narrative that must be drawn through many a winding bout. Literally hundreds of episodes of high moment follow one another through Clendening's crisp pages. In ordering this mass of material the author's deft facility is outstanding. Clear, urbane, concise, untechnical, he is at all times intent upon the deletion of unessential matters.

One thing is certain, our author possesses a rare, naïve something that is life-enhancing. Is it his power of launching his characters forth from his own humanity, as it were? Or is it simply the precious fitness of that form of realism which he slyly injects into historical narration? Whatever it is by virtue of which his heroes become invested with historic reality, here they stand, full-bodied creations, vital, wilful, zealous, companionable beings, crowned with bright appetencies and powers.

This distinguished company will henceforth be numbered among our familiars. Clendening, by the grace and wit of his introductions, has apprised us of their several merits and, what is more, warmed our hearts to them as men; from Hippocrates to Pasteur we know them as individuals. Their roles have been dramatically enacted before our eyes and so will live longer in our memory. Once seen in his setting as "perpetual curate of Teddington," who could forget the good Stephen Hales, discoverer of blood pressure? And the process against Servetus, with the manner of his martyrdom,—who, we ask, having read, will forget these scenes? Many of these episodes in the history of science are "pitched in fictional form" so that the layman may grasp with ampler intensity the significance of epochal discoveries. The stratagem is suspect. Its only justification would be attainment of a higher truth than could possibly be reached through straight historical narrative.

In a work that traverses so vast a field it is not a little astonishing to find the author preserving his high, infectious enthusiasm to the last page of his text—and beyond that, into his bibliographical notes. And by the way, the reviewer fails to find mention in these notes of Withington's "History of Medicine," perhaps the most suitable to Dr. Clendening's purpose of any in the long title-list. However, we cannot name a single academic treatise or text on this subject in which the attempt is made to dramatize scientific exploits and turn them into intensely human situations. This is Dr. Clendening's novel contribution.

A Life in Reverse

THE MAID SILJA. By F. E. Sillanpaa. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS D. CARLETON

ON a farm in Finland a maidservant lies dying of consumption on a June morning. What series of circumstances brought her here; what was the first cause that here finds its ultimate result? The author tries to trace the delicate thread of her life to her father and find the obscure and realized accidents or incidents led to this dismal end of a great family once prosperous. This invoking of the scientific method of examination is an excuse for a lucid and dispassionate style and not the preliminary to a case history.

The maid's grandfather is the master of a large and prosperous farm; her father, brought up in the serenity of modest wealth and responsible labor, is less intelligent and less able to manage the business of a large estate, but does maintain the calm-smiling inner peace of his heritage through all the misfortunes that beset him. Mismated, caught by the beauty of a cottager's daughter who has neither the intelligence nor character to aid him, he loses his farm to a shrewder neighbor and settles into the unpretentious life of a village craftsman. His wife dies, the quiet life of father and daughter is abruptly cut short by violent accident, and the daughter, gentle, unprepared, fastidious, is left to work out her existence as a maidservant on farms about the countryside.

The events of her life from then on are simple and few: the coarse labor of the farmyard, household chores, a brief summer on the fringe of that life that her father had known, the darkness of the post-war years when the Red Guards rise briefly and bloodily. The theme, too, is familiar—a young girl goes unprotected in a man's world, an object of assault and desire. But over this life lies a strange beauty. Like her father, the maid Silja lives serenely within a core of invulnerability, gazing with a sense of detachment at the world through which she moves. The growth of her personality seems as inevitable in its progress, as independent of its surroundings as some planet moving to the appointed stations of its orbit. The result is a queer reversal of values; as the story unfolds, the reality of the outside world grows thinner; the illusions of the girl grow firmer till both blend in death.

The success of the novel—and it is extraordinarily effective—lies in what must be a carefully devised technique and a beauty of style evident even through the medium of translation.

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The Mechanical Mouse

In Germany this summer, a newspaper announced that Mickey Mouse was about to steal the old German fairy tales of the Grimm brothers, and called upon the Nazi government to chase the vermin out of the Reich.

Whether or not Mickey Mouse has been *verboten* in Germany, the attack was in keeping with the Nazi program of a return to the old simplicities. For the adventures of Mickey Mouse are clearly the fairy tales of a machine age. Superpenetration and excessive movement are Mickey's attributes. He goes through solids like an X ray, and transports himself in air, water, or earth by pseudo-mechanical means which an earlier age of fairy tales could scarcely have imagined. Speed is his life, and the jerky rhythm of his movements, the constant collisions, explosions, and projections, are symbolic of nervous modern man living in a whirl of mechanical forces that multiply every physical action by ten to a thousand. Naturally in such a symbolic world the body is subject to humiliating experiences — squashed, tossed up, hurled, twisted, stretched, until monsters become comic and heroes (like Mickey) mere squeaking mice. It is not the world of the Niebelungenlied to which the Nazis think they are returning.

If one compares these mechanical fairy tales with our classic examples of folk lore, the contrast is striking. There is no moral quality in Mickey except courage, though plenty of that. "Keep going" is his motto. The beauty and the wisdom of the old fairy tales are utterly absent. Nothing parallels the sleeping beauty or the glass slippers of Cinderella, there is none of the wisdom which makes Brer Rabbit and his briar patch a commentary on human nature. Furthermore, these modern folk tales are told for adults, as much as, probably more than, for children. Their composer has learned the modern lesson that most of humanity keeps some childishness through life, and the majority of mankind never grow up mentally at all. This has always been true, but now that everyone can read and spend, it is commercially important.

But though modern in this sense, these fairy tales of Mickey Mouse are really folk lore in its first stages. For all their whimsy, they are faithful, if symbolic, representations of the harsh mechanisms of the machine age. They are not beautiful because the machine age has not yet trapped beauty. They are not wise because wisdom has not yet been put into them.

Grimm's fairy tales were in their origin, of course, no more "Aryan" or "Teutonic" than other robings of man's spirit which the Germans are claiming as their own. As the folklorists have long since proved, in their primitive beginnings they were realistic narratives of folk custom, told for adults by the symbolists of the tribe, each one an imaginative interpretation of life as it seemed to the teller. There is, for example, a whole literature of scholarship dealing with the original significance of the story of Bluebeard. The folk tales were not beautiful then, nor were they wise—no more than Mickey is beautiful and wise. These attributes came later when meaning was lost and only the story remained, mistily significant of lost beliefs, a tale for children who still possessed the primitive mind, but enriched by layer after layer of perceptions of wisdom and beauty.

The Germans are right when they resent a threatened invasion of this treasury by mechanical mice seeking new adventures. And they may be right in believing that the modern mind craves simpler humors. The wild success of "The Three Little Pigs" is evidence on their side; but would a big, bad Nazi like "The Three Little Pigs?" However they can no more suppress Mickey Mouse than they can stop the machine age. It is the most characteristic folk lore of which we are capable, and if it is good enough to last will have beauty and wisdom added to it when we make mechanism beautiful and are wise enough to control it. The clear shift of emphasis in the U. S. A., from making a living regardless of the life lived, to the values of living as an end in themselves, which is as much a part of the N. R. A. program as the recovery of profits, may be a first step toward more than the enriching of fairy tales. In the meantime, if you wish to see the folk tale of its age in the cradle, go to the nearest movie theatre.

The Ullstein Verlag

"More than a Newspaper: a National Institution" could with truth have been said of some of the publications of the great house of Ullstein which has now been *gleichgestaltet* by the Nazi régime. Indeed few publishing houses throughout the world have attained to the importance which the Ullstein Verlag has long since held, or have exerted so powerful an influence on opinions in different directions as did it. Publishers of four large circulation daily newspapers in Berlin alone, of four weeklies, and of ten monthly magazines, the Ullsteins issued journals which held sway over upper classes and workingmen alike. Through them they carried on social welfare campaigns, programs for popular instruction, a travel bureau, a foreign news service, crusades of all sorts. The plant which houses them represents the last word in equipment and in comforts for the workers. No less preëminent as publishers of books than in the journalistic field, the Ullstein presses have issued some of the most important works of recent times; such books, for instance, as "All Quiet on the Western Front" and the novels of Lion Feuchtwanger. And now, in the attempt at Aryanization, the Ullsteins have been ousted from control of the organization which the energies and abilities of two generations built up. Herr Hitler has added another to the many tragedies for which he must bear the blame.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

THE STRANGE LIFE OF LADY BLESSINGTON. By MICHAEL SADLIER. *Little, Brown.* The biography of a lady of fashion and wit of the eighteenth century.

THE CHILD MANUELA. By CHRISTA WINSLOE. *Farrar & Rinehart.* The novel from which the picture "Mädchen in Uniform" was taken.

THE SIXTH *NEW YORKER* ALBUM. *Harpers.* The cream of this year's cartoons from the *New Yorker.*

This Less Recent Book:

THE ROMANTIC COMEDIANS. By ELLEN GLASGOW. *Doubleday, Doran.* A novel of the changing South.

"PLEASE FORGIVE THIS MESS—GILBERT IS WRITING A SONNET."

To the Editor:

A Farmer on "The Farm;" Notes from a Linguist

Back to the Soil

Sir: For two months I was away this summer and am only now gathering up the tag ends of what I missed. Among other things I find a review by Henry Steele Commager of "The Farm" by Louis Bromfield.

I don't know whether Mr. Bromfield's book is better than the review or not. I'm going to buy it to find out. If it is any better than the review it will have to be rather superlative.

However, there is one criticism I'd like to make. Both Mr. Bromfield and Mr. Commager seem to assume that the old American farm life has vanished and in its place is a very dreary existence lived by a lot of impoverished paupers who are of little consequence to anyone.

Now, as a matter of fact, American farm life of a pretty high character still exists. I am in a position to know something about this because I am a part of it. For more than twenty years I have lived in the country. Much of that time I have spent traveling over the Eastern half of the United States talking to other farmers and writing down what they have to say about my particular branch of farming, which is fruit growing.

I want to assure you that American farmers still enjoy quite a large measure of what has been called "gracious living" and I believe that today they are getting more out of life than any other group in the country. I believe, too, that farmers are realizing as they never did before, the fact that theirs is a peculiarly desirable type of living.

The old, independent life that my grandfather lived in Northern Ohio, is, of course, gone. (They say he drove a herd of cattle to town to buy the hall clock which is now in my brother's home.) Farmers, today, are perhaps less independent than was my grandfather but on the other hand they have a great deal more in the way of pleasures and conveniences than my grandfather had. The possession of one or more cars, a radio, an electric ice box, and other modern contraptions naturally take away part of a man's independence. Also, they add a good deal to the joy of living—with possible reservations on my part when it comes to the radio.

B. W. DOUGLASS.

Trevlac, Ind.

Languages in "Anthony Adverse"

Sir: To scatter odds and ends of other languages through his book is any writer's privilege. It often enhances the local color; it tends to cast an aura of erudition about the author; finally, it is subtly flattering to the reader.

But I rise in protest against the slapdash manner in which these foreign-language phrases are far too commonly injected. Often only one of the results is attained, and the reader is merely irritated.

America is a big country, with varying accent and idiom, yet most of us would agree in the conviction that the language put by Mr. Galsworthy into the mouths of his American characters is something never heard on land or sea, and that the artistic effect of an episode can be definitely marred thereby. One thinks too of the French and German locutions in such beautifully written books as "The Constant Nymph" or "Dusty Answer."

Again, how easy it is to pick up a modern French novel and find sentences comparable to these: "Henri trouva Sir Jones, déjà vêtu en *smoking*, assis dans un *rocking*. Ils se donnèrent un *shake-hand* cordial."

What makes such blunders all the more irritating is the fact that they might so easily have been checked up. I can well believe the assertion of the publishers that "Anthony Adverse" was "four years in preparation." But why not four years and then four hours, one each with a literate native of France, Germany, Italy, and Spain? The robust tale was well worth the little extra effort.

Instances? Below are a few, taken at random. (I am not qualified to pass on the phrases in Italian or Spanish.)

"Bon chance," "quelle dommage," "taissez vous," and "pas de tout" each occurs at least twice.

"La parapluie du frère de l'empereur se presente à l'adjutant du staff." (At least three errors.)

"Anna has a young Düsseldorfer, ein knabe." (Why not *einen Knaben*, or better still, *einen Jungen?*)

"Je suis sur que ce large monsieur la vous fera la grande justice." (At least four slips. Bonaparte, the "consul premier," is speaking, but of course he was a Corsican and French was not his native tongue.)

"Voilà la vrai France que persiste toujours."

Could authority be found for "Monsieur le majeur"? And just what is an "Almagne commercial avec bijouterie de Bingen"?

"Elle souffres." (Me, too.)

Mr. Allen might well have taken a leaf from the book of his hero (page 203): "He had learned when in doubt how to resort to a grammar or a dictionary."

ALFRED LOWRY.

Moorestown, N. J.

Hamilton's Romance

Sir: When an author prepares the bibliography of a biographical work he has completed, he may naturally make some slip and omit an important item. But when one writer after another commits the same error, it is about time that attention should be called to the omission. Lives of Alexander Hamilton have appeared at least at the rate of one a year recently. The latest is "An American Colossus: The Singular Career of Alexander Hamilton" by Ralph Edward Bailey. Last year Johan J. Smertenko's biography was published. The year prior Robert Irving Warshow's "Alexander Hamilton: First American Business Man" appeared. All these volumes have bibliographies, and while they list Gertrude Atherton's novel "The Conqueror," none of them indicates that their authors know of George Alfred Townsend's ("Gath") novel "Mrs. Reynolds and Hamilton, a Romance" published in 1890 in New York from the press of E. F. Bonaventure, 31st St. and Broadway. The copy I have, which is at the disposal of the next biographer of Hamilton, is a paper backed novel of 273 pages. In it appear Jefferson, Burr, Priestley and others.

Townsend who died in 1914 was a poet, novelist and Civil War correspondent.

ALBERT MORDELL.

Philadelphia, Pa.

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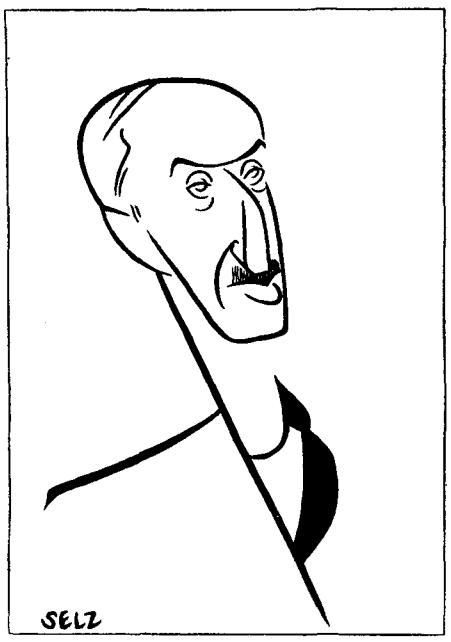
A Conducted Tour

(*Continued from first page*)

Guedalla has brought into fashion, and, it must be admitted, are the kind for which there is the most active demand among the reading public. It is, in fact, faithfully after the example of Mr. Guedalla's "Wellington" that M. Maurois concludes with a long list of high-sounding titles recited "in solemn tones" at a funeral.

We must admit that M. Maurois does not follow out the pageant idea with the intransigeant logic of Mr. Guedalla. He does, for instance, insert one rather perfunctory section on literature, in which the things we should expect are said about the people we should expect, and one on the theatre, in which a really good point is made about the dramatic renaissance being cut short by the failure to end the scandal of the censorship by parliamentary action.

Diplomacy is the field in which M. Maurois seems most at home, and from the historian's point of view, the book would have considerably gained had he cut out everything else but the diplomatic part, and continued that down to the crisis of 1914. He is too much the pageant master



ANDRÉ MAUROIS

to penetrate very far below the surface—he fails, for instance, to bring out the decisive importance of the abortive Bjorkoe treaty between Germany and Russia, and he is blind to the significance of the Anglo-Japanese alliance in enabling Japan to fall on Russia and to prepare for the collapse of that Western civilization that Peter the Great had imposed on the half of two continents.

But M. Maurois has read his authorities, and though he is inclined to quote at a length that becomes a little tedious, at times, he provides his readers with an agreeable spectacle of the diplomatic puppets performing their tragi-comedy, though hardly of the wires by which they were pulled. Still, he who wants to know what was done, without greatly bothering why, can hardly do better than follow him as a guide.

We wish we could say the same about the parts of the book that deal with British domestic and imperial history. It is perhaps too much to expect a gentleman of France to take much interest in these matters, but in that case it is surely better to refrain from writing about them, or at least to check every statement by authorities, so that if not the whole truth, at least nothing but the truth is set down.

There was a saying during the Boer War, that South Africa was the grave of reputations. It would be unfortunate were M. Maurois to be judged by this text. For instance, we come across the astounding statement that the great Boer trek of 1836 was "headed by an old farmer named Kruger," the father of Oom Paul. Where M. Maurois got this piece of information about the most epochal event in South African history baffles conjecture. It would certainly have surprised that obscure burgher, Caspar Kruger, to know that he, and not Pretories, Potgieter, or Piet Retief, was the Moses of that Exodus.

Again, the first Boer War is recorded in the sentence, "the Boers repulsed the British at Majuba Hill and Gladstone weakly yielded." One would hardly gather from this that Gladstone concluded peace with the Boers on precisely the terms that had been proposed to them, and that they had not had time to answer, when Colley forced their hands by the insensate folly of his Majuba offensive.

Next we have the bare and groundless assertion that Kruger "wisely refused to concede the franchise to the Uitlanders because it was the British plan to swamp the Boer electorate and make the two republics" vote for annexation to the Empire. In what way the Uitlander franchise could have turned a single vote in the Orange Free State, M. Maurois does not explain, while as for the Transvaal, it is a matter of simple fact that the British proposals could not possibly have had the effect of giving a Uitlander majority, or anything like it, in the Raadzaal.

We now pass on to the second Boer War, about which we find the following statement:

> Within two months [apparently from May 1901, though any other two months might conceivably be pressed into the service] 4,000 prisoners were captured, and as there remained hardly 16,000 Boers under arms, the end of operations was within sight.

On this it is perhaps sufficient comment to say that the number of burghers who actually laid down their arms at the end of operations was exactly 21,256, and that this did not include a number of Cape Dutchmen who managed to get back to their farms without surrendering at all.

In dealing with English domestic politics it is easy to cite instances of the same slipshod recklessness of statement. Lord Haldane, who is more often referred to by the irritating nickname of Schopenhauer, is made into a Balliol man, for the purpose, apparently, of accounting for his sympathy with Milner; the Lords are made to reject Mr. Birrell's Education Bill, which they did not—it was the Commons who rejected the Lords' amendment; reference is made to the "hundred suffrages" of the Irish Home Rule group, whereas its numbers never exceeded 86.

A disproportionate amount of space is devoted to the petty intrigues that accompanied the formation of the Liberal Cabinet in 1905, but practically the whole of what that Cabinet did, or failed to do, in the all-important task of Social Reform, is allowed to go by the board. Old age pensions receive a casual mention, *en passant;* the great struggle over the Licensing Bill of 1908, which the Lords really did reject, does not even get that; the election of 1910 is supposed to be on a straight question of the Lords' right to reject a Budget, and the at least equal dominance of the fiscal issue is ignored; finally, M. Maurois appears to be quite unconscious of the fact that the real crux of the Liberal Irish bargaining after that election was not Home Rule, but the right to coerce Ulster.

M. Maurois would surely have been well advised if he had either avoided the thorny subject of British politics altogether, or had devoted more care and reading to it than he has seen fit to do. This part of his work, in addition to its incompleteness and unreliability, has not even the zest and easy flow that we expect from him. It would seem as if he had tried to write about this particular camel without even the formality of a visit to his enclosure.

To sum up: our advice to the reader is to select and take the gossip, the character sketches, and the diplomatic chronicles of M. Maurois thankfully for what they can give him, which is a pleasant conducted tour over the surface of an epoch whose most attractive characteristics did, after all, lie on the surface. And that, no doubt, is what most readers want. To lay bare the forces that were driving that generation to destruction, may recall a little too vividly the epitaph;

> Ye passers by, behold & see!
> Such as I was, so now are ye;;
> Such as I am, so shall ye be;
> Then in good time be warned by me!

Esmé Wingfield-Stratford is the author of "Those Earnest Victorians."

A Chicago Family Saga

WITHIN THIS PRESENT. By Margaret Ayer Barnes. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GLADYS GRAHAM

MARGARET AYER BARNES'S literary career has been startlingly successful. Her first novel, "Years of Grace," published in 1930, became a best-seller immediately on publication and remained one throughout that year. In 1931 the book was selected as the Pulitzer Prize novel and went steadily on its best-selling way. With this one novel the author's name blazed across the country, and she became as well known in a few months as the normal successful novelist does after many years. Following "Years of Grace," "Westward Passage" duplicated, to only a slightly lesser degree, the popularity of its widely read predecessor.

It is not far to seek for the qualities in Mrs. Barnes's work that account for its vogue. The fundamental one is what might be called a positive attitude toward life. There is no negativism, no defeatism, in these records of American experience. Mrs. Barnes may be writing about people lost for the time being in the contemporary sea, but she stands outside their confusions and their doubts and seems to sense some scheme beyond the moment. Behind the chaos through which her men and women plunge, a pattern clearly shows. We have had in recent years plenty of novelized pictures of the beautiful and damned, the dissipated and depressed, the lost generations; we have had, too, the happy-happy novels and eyes turned away from things not good to see; but it is the outstanding mark of Mrs. Barnes's work that while she avoids no necessary facing of the tawdry temporal *mise-en-scène* she retains a sturdy faith in the ultimate rightness of human nature, which, flattered to weakness by success, nevertheless knows strength in the pinch of ill fortune.

The American in Mrs. Barnes's novels is more than mere background. In each of her works she is concerned with the careful geographic and historical setting, but, beyond this, and more importantly, she seeks in each character to find the essential qualities bred, out of the time and place that mark him as that distinctive, if mixed, character, an American. Where she succeeds best in characterization there could be no transplanting; her Chicagoans could never be found in Berlin or London; they have been fed on their own environs. Lastly in generalization, there is the story element which this author handles in the pleasingly old-fashioned way that takes account of the reader's interest. Her books, which are long, move slowly in their narrative and invite to leisured evenings outside the hurry of the day.

Mrs. Barnes's latest work deals with Chicago during the years 1914-1933. In a brief foreword she acknowledges indebtedness to the daily papers of the period, to Frederick Lewis Allen's "Only Yesterday," and to the many friends whose recollections "confirmed my incredulous memory of how foolish and how tragic we had all been 'within this present.'" The novel is full-peopled, carrying three generations, attenuated in the third remove, of a large family, from the sure, safe days before the war to the disaster that still swirls about our feet. The success and the pride of the Sewalls is based upon their banking business. For some of them this is a passion, for some a mission, for others it merely provides the way of living, and for still others it is a day-taking nuisance. While the plot centers primarily about Sally Sewall, her love, her marriage, separation, and other love, the business background is felt, powerful and ominous, behind the individual personalities engrossed in their own givings and takings. With so many people in such eventful years there are naturally stories within stories, too complex for a retelling. Within a circle as large as this, there are enough different types to show the variety of responses to the pressure, from every conceivable angle, of the vicissitudes of these momentous years.

"Within this Present" sheds about its story that faint, nostalgic glow which comes from the close past, near enough still to be amusing, far-away enough already to be sad. The narrative is not as sure as in "Years of Grace," being interrupted by not-too-well integrated historical comments and disquisitions on the theory and practice of banking. In the end as in the beginning, however, the story is the thing. Margaret Ayer Barnes tells us tales about ourselves and who has ever been able to withstand the lure of his inimitable past?

To the Ladi[illegible]

IT'S UP TO THE WOMEN. Franklin D. Roosevelt. New Y[illegible] erick A. Stokes Company. 193[illegible] $1.25.

Reviewed by SUZANNE LA FOLLETTE

MRS. ROOSEVELT is the American Daisy Ashford. Not since "The Young Visiters" has there appeared a book as naively confident about life and as distantly related to it as "It's Up to the Women." The First Lady, by her own testimony, has "had opportunities for mixing with a great many people in a great many parts of the world," and as inevitably happens, she has brought back just what she took with her: an eager and singularly incurious mind; a mind which interprets the "what" of things in terms of the comforting catchwords which every well bred lady should know and thus avoids any tiresome misgivings about the "why."

"I have touched," she says, "on the things which to me are the most important in the necessary adjustments which we must all make to life today." And these things are precisely the things which have

THE GREAT CHICAGO FIRE
A Currier and Ives Print (1871) *illustrating the description in the opening scene of "Within This Present."*

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seemed most important since the days of *Godey's Lady's Book* to the mentors of subscribers to women's magazines: living within your means; putting your bedclothes to air in the morning; greeting your husband with a smile when he comes home from work; being kind to servants and pleasant to relatives and friends; doing little deeds of kindness for your neighbors; in short, brightening the corner where you are. Mrs. Roosevelt belongs to the "be good and you'll be happy" school of social philosophy. She recognizes vaguely that we are confronted by perplexing social problems; she even informs us that "no government or civilization could or should endure which cannot provide people with an opportunity to earn the necessities of life"; but she is happily confident that "real neighborliness is something that could change the whole fabric of our social life today."

What makes this naiveté so killing is that it isn't meant to be killing. With all the seriousness of her youthful prototype, our author informs us that "for every normal human being fresh air is essential"; "a holiday taken on foot or bicycle is far less expensive than a holiday taken in an automobile"; "clothes which the manual worker needs are quite different from the clothes which the white collar worker needs"; "sleep is very necessary to preserve health"; "real work of some kind must attend the honest making of money." Along with such solemn pronouncements of the obvious go equally solemn pronouncements of the not so obvious, and indeed not even true: "It is safe to say that the great majority of people today are living on incomes of from $1200 to $2000 a year"; "To almost every one nowadays the owning of an automobile is a necessity"; "It is rare to find an Englishman who does not know the classics."

Such serious interest as attaches to statements of this kind lies not in the statements themselves but in what they tell us about the First Lady of the Land. They imply that for her the working class does not exist. And indeed her little homilies are addressed to women of the middle class. In a vague and general way she knows that there are working class women, and occasionally she takes passing note of them; but she does not *realize* their existence. If she did, she could hardly have made that remark about the incomes of the vast majority; nor would she be "constantly surprised" by a matter of such common knowledge to people interested in women workers as the fact that "many single women . . . are really supporting one or more other persons." And if she knew anything at all about married women workers she would be wary of such confident statements as "Of course the mother who takes entire charge of her own children will not be able to work at a steady job which takes her outside of her home."

"It's Up to the Women" isn't likely, therefore, to be very helpful to the wives of miners or steel workers, who probably won't read it anyhow. It may be helpful to the middle class woman who needs to be told that two and two make four. As a guide through the spreading chaos around us it is about as useful as "Sanford and Merton." Its platitudes are inspired by good liberal principles and benevolent intentions; but these, unfortunately, are no very effective substitute for intelligence and understanding—not even in the White House.

"It is a very interesting suggestion," says the London *Observer,* which Laurence Housman made not long ago, "that Lady Macbeth committed suicide. Malcolm speaks of 'this fiend-like Queen, who, as 'tis thought, by self and violent hands, took off her life'; and Mr. Housman also stresses the Doctor's instruction to the Waiting-woman: 'Remove from her the means of all annoyance, and still keep eyes upon her': which certainly suggests suicidal leanings. . . . A lost stage direction may have made the point clear: possibly, as Mr. Housman suggests, in a short scene without words. But even that theory does not explain the puzzling words with which Macbeth received the news of the death: 'She should have died hereafter.'"

RUTH DRAPER
Translator of "Icaro"

Flight of a Modern Icarus

(*Continued from first page*)

pit in the dark at the Marignane air-port, will be humble in the continuing presence of a great and resolved spirit, and at the same time proud that such a man existed to prove human nobility. He had equalled himself with the highest, and could utter with complete sincerity the words which he put in the mouth of the like-fated hero of his own drama:

Quando si corre a un buon cimento, sfuma
ogni labile aspetto de la vita
e piu non v'è che un demone a una meta.

What remains of his original literary work would go easily into one small volume. Though he had done a lot of translating, Sophocles, Aeschylus, the abridged version of Frazer's "Golden Bough," his only published original works consist of the able and penetrating introduction to the "Golden Book of Italian Poetry," "The Story of My Death," and the drama "Icaro" which is the occasion of this notice.

The play has just been republished with a prose translation by Miss Ruth Draper, who has performed her task uncommonly well, and a noble introduction by Professor Murray, who has said unforgettably what ought to be said and what should not be forgotten. "Icaro" (which by the way won the Olympic Prize for poetry at Amsterdam in 1928) is a curious, and to me at least, intensely interesting performance. The skeleton of the plot is not promising. Icarus is a poet who regards his father's invention of flight as a means of making mankind into a peaceable brotherhood. His beauty and gifts arouse the love of Pasiphæ, the Queen of King Minos, and of Phædra her daughter. Icarus loves Phædra, and Pasiphæ, outraged, prays to her father Apollo for vengeance, with catastrophic results when Icarus mounts the air. Theseus, coming with the destined victims of the Minotaur, picks up the body at sea, and the play ends with a lyrical outburst on the symbolic aspects of the flight of Icarus. Thus summarized you would think that all we had was one more classical drama, a type of literary performance the demand for which is in no danger of exhausting the supply. But in this reviewer's estimation you could hardly go more wrong, for "Icaro" is poetry and not drama, and it is a kind of poetry that we ought to have back. As Professor Murray puts it, it is "almost a defiance of present day fashions in poetry." It states simplicities with passion. It is clear. It is anything but the attitudinizing, theoretical, neurotic music to which the times have grown accustomed. And it is full of burning fire. Implicit in every syllable is the sincerity which became a flaming act. De Bosis was himself one of the unified, integrated men to whom he pays tribute in his essay on Italian poetry, whose nature is their art, whose art is their nature.

Though the poem is alive with sharp thought, wisdom beyond the poet's age, and lovely image, its virtue and glory is a kind of heroic intensity, which I am convinced circumstance has *not* compelled me to read into it. Professor Murray and Professor Trevelyan, in their quest for analogy, have pointed naturally enough to Shelley. And there is talk of Mazzini. It was the glory of those two to speak for something pretty rare nowadays, high-minded youth. De Bosis spoke to the same purpose and not from the lips outward.

There is a poet in Italy, also a hero of the heights of air. He raided Vienna with a flock of Capronis. He was on the famous enterprise of Buccari when one transport was actually sunk. He has put it down, in the account he wrote of that last exploit, that after heroism one is weary as after the satisfaction of erotic desire. He moves in a blaze of imperfectly suppressed publicity. A national edition of his works is edited in forty volumes. His medals fill showcases. His citations for valor are published (by himself). He is the very model of a modern hero and poet, officially, not to say bureaucratically, canonized from one end of the peninsula to the other. How burning the contrast between Gabrielle d'Annunzio and Lauro de Bosis, whose name can only be whispered by stealth in private to the faithful. Nor does the heavily publicized heroism that escaped from Fiume stand comparison with the authentic Latin courage at its perihelion in the sunset over Rome, when one weaponless pilot was not afraid of nine hundred warplanes. The Grand Hotel Splendide et Excelsior does not come off well from a confrontation with the Parthenon.

The Blackshirts may keep silent, but they cannot, and I will do them the honor of saying that they will not attempt to laugh it off.

Italy, like Asia, has a long memory. It was two hundred and eighty-nine years

LAURO DE BOSIS

before a statue rose to Giordano Bruno in the square where they burned him. It may take generations, but there will yet be another statue in Italy (let us hope more in the style of her past than of her present) to courage at least as great as the philosophic friar's. On it should be written the judgment of Minos:

Ieri un aedo ed oggi re de l'aria:
Spento, ma spento trionfando i fati.

Lauro de Bosis

October 3rd, 1932

By Leonard Bacon

LAUNCHED by his own truth in the teeth of fate,
He rose like his own Icarus and fell,
The liberator who arrived too late.
Yet who is he dare say he did not well?

Over Rome towering unafraid he came,
Thundering his challenge from the Autumn cloud.
And they who took it up name not his name—
No man has strength to cope with the uncowed.

Into the darkness, whether or no shot down,
What skill to ask? Or who is it that cares?
In the abyss he vanished with the crown
That only the triumphant spirit wears.

And none henceforth shall dare forget this thing
While dream and truth subsist, on wreath and wing.

The Story of an Invisible Autocrat

THE OLD MAN DIES. By Elizabeth Sprigge. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by Basil Davenport

IT is an excellent thing that so many of the newer novels are getting away from the extreme thinness of material so common a few years ago,—when often a single character, and that not a profound one, was considered enough to make a book,—and are offering the reader a wider range of view. But though this is a worthier undertaking, it is by the same token a much more difficult one and the difficulty sometimes becomes all too plain in the author's attempt to fit his diversified matter into a unified pattern. Sometimes the imposed unity is frankly superficial and arbitrary, as in "Grand Hotel" and its numerous successors; sometimes it makes a false pretense of being organic. "The Old Man Dies" is an example of this.

In it, the author has taken a dozen or more assorted characters—Nicholas, who half-heartedly intends to be an author; Angela, who lives with her lover while trying to make up her mind whether to marry him; Daphne, a hard woman who gets her own way in everything in the guise of being a good wife and mother; James, a young waster; Richard, an explorer; Tom, the eldest son, toiling into middle age trying to manage a failing business, love an unsympathetic wife, and look after the varied affairs of all his collaterals; and others. Out of this variety, she tries to make a single design, first, by making them all close relatives, the children and grandchildren of Thomas Rushbrooke, the Old Man of the title, by his two wives—although there is no such resemblance among them as there is among the Forsytes or even the diverse Newcomes; and second, by giving them a keen common interest in the old man's death. In the first chapter old Thomas is supposed to be dying, and all his descendants are with varying degrees of hypocrisy hoping for his death; he rallies for the time, and does not die until later in the book. He never appears upon the scene, but his invisible influence is intended to hold all the threads of the book together.

This would be, if successful, a considerable *tour de force,* but it is not a success. The reader cannot believe in the enormous influence postulated for a failing old man over men and women with houses and children and above all incomes of their own. When the author tries to conjure up the impression of a brooding, malevolent, invisible presence in the sick-room, the reader finds himself constantly asking, "Yes, but what can he do?" If he is disagreeable, the children do not have to see him; and in point of fact they mostly do not; if he refuses them money, they can manage without him; and in point of fact they do. All the important narrative threads are knitted up entirely without real reference to the old man.

This accidental quality which is inherent in the whole book, and the falsity of the design overlaying it, are particularly evident in the conclusion. Tom, the character who is drawn so as to enlist the greatest share of pity, finds a measure of consolation both for the harshness of his wife and for the fact that he had always loved his stepmother, in the affection of a girl he picks up in a restaurant, having seen her for the first time in his life a bare twenty-five pages before the end of the book. And for no apparent reason, Nicholas, the rather ineffectual novelist, takes over the business at the old man's death, with such a show of energy and egotism that his sister is able to say, "with a mixture of horror and delight," that "the old man isn't dead after all." Tom's solution, which has been unprepared, seems patched up; but Nicholas's reversal of character is something far worse than unprepared. To make a book come full-circle is sometimes desirable artistically, but not at the expense of making a character come about-face. The characters are competent in execution, if conventional in conception; but the scheme of the book is so essentially faulty that it cannot be called more than fairly promising.

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The Bowling Green

Homo Semi-sapiens

I AM a dog who feels the whip
Fate whistles to his tender side;
A carved, careening, lordly ship
Putting from port at high spring tide.

I am the scholar peering far
Into the problems of the sky;
A sun,—the one authentic star
Astronomers take soundings by.

I am the clay the potter molds,
A diamond undimmed by breath;
The ribald sceptic saint who holds
Belief more durable than death.

I am the greyhound and the hare,
The hidden mine, the sluicer's pan;
Asleep and painfully aware
That each and none make me a man.

HUGH WESTERN.

The Authors' League Fund

Among the many efforts made by human beings to strengthen one another, I know of none more worthy of praise than the Authors' League Fund, by which writers in distress have been helped to keep going. A sense of loyalty to the profession which makes this magazine possible suggests reprinting here a few extracts from letters received by the Fund:

"You have given me back my courage; from having a desperate bitterness against the profession of writing you have made me feel it is a hallowed fellowship."

"You give me the pleasure of acknowledging my indebtedness to some anonymous writer while sparing me the embarrassment either of asking him or thanking him personally."

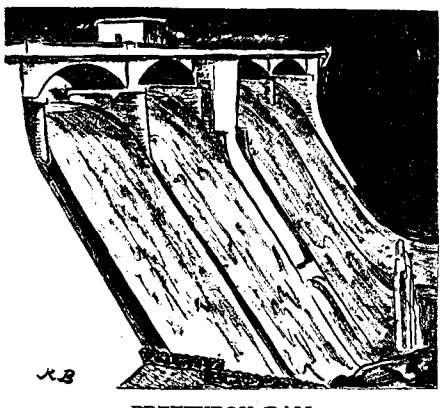
"The sum you so kindly advanced me —more than any other sum I have ever received in my life, and I have earned a small fortune writing, has made me feel I have a security in my profession. When all other sources failed you did not fail."

"You and the Fund have been wonderfully kind to me. Not only has your help kept me alive . . . literally . . . but it has enabled me to work steadily at something which may in the end prove the solution of my troubles."

"So I feel hopeful in this respect, too. If you can carry me a little while longer, there may be an end at last to my living on charity . . . and, God! how I long for that day."

"I know you'll think us riotous spendthrifts, but we had roast beef tonight—rare, with baked potatoes."

The address of the Authors' League Fund is 9 East 38 Street, New York City—Luise Sillcox, Treasurer.



PRETTYBOY DAM

Prettyboy Dam

SIR:—As one who knows and loves Maryland, you would be pleased with the new dam recently added to the glory of its hills. Prettyboy Dam, as happily named as its older brother, Loch Raven, is located a few miles from the York Road near Hereford. A roadway built on four arches spans the 132 feet high barrier; the impounded lake reflects some of the loveliest Maryland countryside. Two fountains cavort prettily below the dam and the overflow drifts itself in "lacy jags" down the long S spillway.

Imagine the setting of softly rolling hills wreathed in Autumnal haze, splashed with warm colors—air delicately pungent in the nostrils, wine-sharp to the tongue —and you have all the ingredients for a grand afternoon. Come down soon!

R. B.

Baltimore, Md.

Fuller's Birthplace

SIR:—Is the comparatively new rectory of St. Peter's, Aldwinkle, pictured in the Bowling Green of October 21st, being pointed out to the tourist as the birthplace of Thomas Fuller? The parsonage in which he was born, situated some rods away from the site of its successor, was razed toward the end of the eighteenth century (*cf.* J. E. Bailey's *Life of Fuller*, 1874, p. 30). The unwary pilgrim has often been sent astray also (to Northamptonshire, in fact) in search of Fuller's last resting-place, which is really in Cranford Church, Middlesex, a few minutes from London.

Fame seems invidious, thus unfixing both the cradle and the grave of the dear worthy, whose rest between was so uneasy.

Dryden, of course, was born in the neighboring parish of All Saints, and not in "this rectory," as your correspondent suggests.

JAMES O. WOOD.

San José, Calif.

The Problem of Poetry

SIR:—I dare say you will be inclined to think:

"His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day"

who would presume to question "The Name and Nature of Poetry," by A. E. Housman. I am a worshipper at the shrine of The Shropshire Lad, and an admirer of the scholarly and critical genius of Professor Housman. But surely one may worship and admire, and at the same time reserve to oneself the right to think?

In his recent lecture, Mr. Housman made abundantly clear that there was a fatal lack in certain types of what we call poetry; that the seventeenth century, in part, and the eighteenth in greater part, in emphasizing certain intellectual features associable with poetry, completely — or almost completely — forgot what poetry was. Neither the expression of intellectual problems in verse, nor the coining of extraordinary figures can make poetry; nor can the expression of the loftiest and most beautiful ideas. We can all follow Mr. Housman thus far.

Likewise, we can almost agree with his belief "that to transfuse emotion—not to transmit thought but to set up in the reader's sense a vibration corresponding to what was felt by the writer—is the peculiar function of poetry." When we follow him into the absurdities of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, we feel that he is preaching the Everlasting Gospel; it is only when we come to his question, "Is there such a thing as pure unmingled poetry, poetry independent of meaning?" that we look back to his expression "peculiar function."

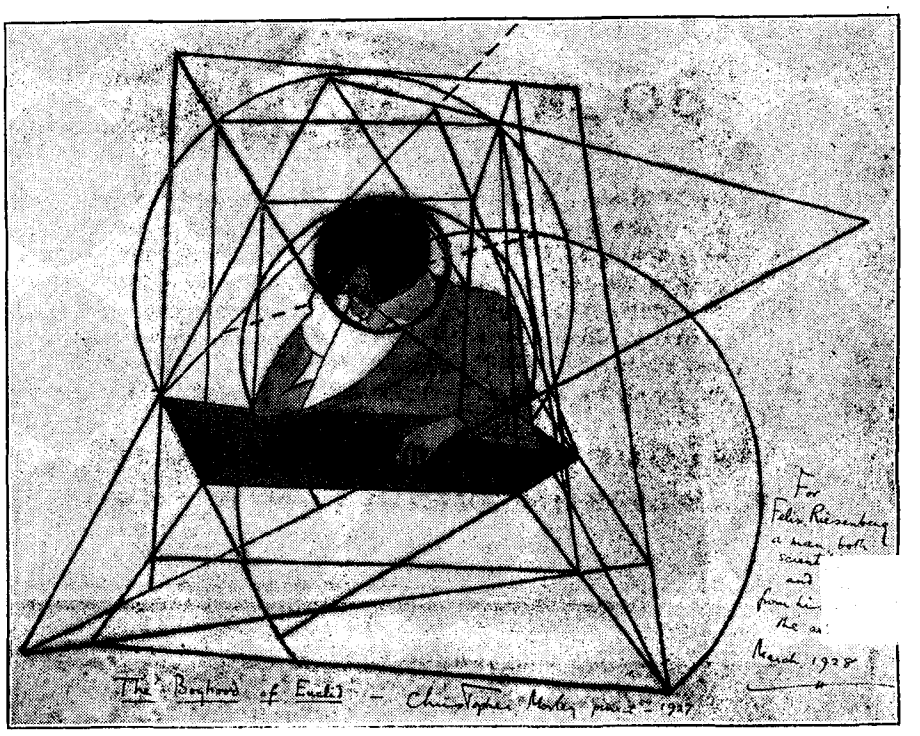
"Poetry gives most pleasure," Mr. Housman quotes Coleridge, "when only generally and not perfectly understood." Let me confess my ignorance to you, and say that I have no notion how one can tell whether or not one understands a given piece of poetry perfectly. Mr. Housman gives a vivid example which, to me, seems to prove a bit too much. And then he goes on to say, "Meaning is of the intellect, poetry is not."

"Meaning is of the intellect, poetry is not"; "to transfuse emotion—not to transmit thought . . . is the peculiar function of poetry." The more I ponder these lines, the more I am inclined to think that Mr. Housman, however clear he himself may be on the subject, is introducing confusion into his reader's mind. Is he not swinging to the other extreme, and insisting upon the omission of one of the chief attributes of poetry?

Is it not the chief glory of poetry, the virtue that lifts it above all other arts, that its peculiar function is to transfuse emotion and at the same time transmit thought? Mr. Housman, it seems to me, is building up a defense of poetry's perhaps more easily admired sister, music. For it is the peculiar function of music, not of poetry, to transfuse emotion without transmitting thought. Some composers, to be sure, have tried to transmit by means of music what they were pleased to consider thoughts; but their music has seldom moved any one either to think or to feel. Music, by its very nature, can hardly transmit thought; but poetry can, for the stuff of poetry is words; and words, like it or not, have meaning.

S. A. NOCK.

Bonn, Germany.
(University of Delaware,
Foreign Study Department).



THE BOYHOOD OF EUCLID—*(from a painting)*

A Vote for Fusion

In fine poetry words have been subdued to emotion and thought. The poet has selected them, consciously or unconsciously, with an eye to their fusibility in the fire of his imagination, and when the poem is complete the sharp individuality of its words has been dissolved into the larger individuality of the poem. The same is true of the details and images which make up the poem: these, too, if they are justified, are merged into the spirit of the whole. Words, images, details, all these different and separate crystals dissolve under the heat of the imagination into a single clear solution. It follows from this that an elaborate rhyme scheme, complex but formal rhythm and a rich alliteration force upon the poet words and images whose strangeness only the most powerful imagination can subdue to the spirit of the poem.—Martin Armstrong, in the *Week-End Review* (London).

Magic Squares

SIR:—Parton in his "The Life and Times of Benjamin Franklin" (Vol. I, pages 255-257) states that this gentleman amused himself making magic squares. Of one of these, a 16x16 square which he constructed, Franklin wrote to Peter Collinson in London that it was "the most magically magical of any magic square ever made by any magician." It is too long to go into the analysis of this square here, but it is truly a marvelous piece of work in the relationship of numbers.

W. S. Andrews in "Magic Squares and Cubes" (The Open Court Publishing Company, 1917) says—

> That magic squares have had in centuries past a deeper meaning for the minds of men than that of simple mathematic curios we may infer from the celebrated picture by Albert Dürer entitled "Melancolia," engraved in 1514. The symbolism of this engraving has interested to a marked degree almost every observer. The figure of the brooding genius sitting listless and dejected amid her uncompleted labors, the scattered tools, the swaying balance, the flowing sands of the glass, and the magic square of 16 beneath the bell,—these and other details reveal an attitude of mind and a connection of thought, which the great artist never expressed in words, but left for every beholder to interpret for himself.

The construction of odd magic squares which involve the use of the knight's move in chess, and the harmonious plans of building even squares is also a topic that could be expanded in an interesting manner. For instance, here are two of several possible diagrams showing different arrangements of the same numbers in a 4x4 square:

16	1	12	5
2	11	6	15
7	14	3	10
9	8	13	4

1	2	16	15
13	14	4	3
12	7	9	6
8	11	5	10

Paul Carus, L. S. Frierson, Harry A. Sayles and others have written on the subject of magic squares.

MALCOLM JOHNSTON.

New York City.

Euclid

I was delighted to see that *The Elements of Euclid* (as edited by good old Todhunter, 1862) has been included in Everyman's Library. Sir Thomas L. Heath, K.C.B., F.R.S., writes an introduction in which he speaks of it as "the greatest textbook of elementary mathematics that there has ever been or is likely to be." Sir Thomas adds that any mature reader will find it "fascinating, a book to be read in bed or on a holiday, a book as difficult as any detective story to lay down when once begun."

One of Euclid's demonstrations gave Pythagoras such intellectual ecstasy that he ordered a sacrifice of oxen in its honor. The Bowling Green has no oxen available, but celebrates the 22nd century of Euclid's treatise by publishing a portrait we ourself painted several years ago.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

"One day . . . Poe and some friends were strolling in the woods when Poe 'proposed a game at leaping,' which he won, but at the cost of bursting his only pair of gaiters. About this time Poe had written a poem which Mrs. Nichols read but 'could not make head or tail' of. But since George H. Colton of the *American Whig Review* had been a contestant in the leaping contest and was thus 'actively instrumental in the demolition of the gaiters,' he was persuaded to buy the poem. It was "Ulalume.' 'It brought the poet a pair of gaiters and 12 shillings over.' "

From catalogue of the Argosy Bookstore, which lists Mrs. Nichols's pamphlet (*Reminiscences of Poe*) at 75c.

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Louis Untermeyer's

CHIP

MY LIFE AND TIMES

Mr. Untermeyer "overheard" this autobiographical tale of a chipmunk on his Adirondack farm. From beginning to end Chip's life is one hairbreadth escape after another. The illustrations by Vera Neville add to the gaiety and charm of the book—"her chipmunks are very true to life; they have humor, personality and an extraordinary range of expression."—*N. Y. Times.* Ages 4-8. $1.75

For Every Child Who Loves Trains

THE TRAIN BOOK

By William Clayton Pryor. A picture story book about the first overnight trip Bill and Sister took on a train, and the 52 full pages of original photographs answer questions that any curious youngster can think up about freight cars, engines, sleepers, diners, etc. *Parents' Magazine* predicts that children with "a passion for trains will wear the book to shreds." Ages 4-8. $1.00

HARCOURT, BRACE & COMPANY
383 MADISON AVENUE : : NEW YORK

Gentlemen—

those of you who have something of woman in you make life a Hell for women who love you as men. Your dual nature, and the strange emotional relationships that arise between yourselves and us, both fascinate and repel us in the same instant—as in this novel about two such men, and Leonie, a fine, warm woman who protected them.

Gentlemen, I Address You Privately

by KAY BOYLE

$2.50, Harrison Smith and Robert Haas, *Publishers*

Mapping the Arctic

NORTHERN LIGHTS. By F. Spencer Chapman. New York: Oxford University Press. 1933. $5.

Reviewed by EARL HANSON

MANY expeditions go into the field, made up of young and relatively inexperienced men. Some of them do exploration work. Others have adventures which are later passed off as exploration. Still others result in that common moral disaster of complete break-up and bitter enmity between the various members. Few are the expeditions, undertaken either by young men or older ones, that carry with them into the field a thoroughgoing professional attitude toward the work on hand, a clear view of what is to be done, and a boundless enthusiasm, controlled by common sense, in overcoming what difficulties may be connected with the job. So rare is this attitude, particularly among young men out to win their spurs, that the present writer is moved to consider the British Arctic Air-Route Expedition of 1930 to 1931 as one of the really great exploratory ventures of modern times.

H. G. Watkins organized the expedition at the age of twenty-three, having previously led the Cambridge Expedition to Spitsbergen when he was nineteen, and having gained winter experience in Labrador the following year. The thirteen other men on the expedition were all approximately the same age, and nearly all entirely inexperienced in the north. The expedition did remarkable work. As a necessary step, they learned the art of kayaking and hunting seals. In open boats they explored five hundred miles of the east coast of Greenland. Two parties of them crossed the Greenland Ice Cap along two different routes. One party of them journeyed on the ice cap to Mount Forel, the highest known mountain in Greenland, and climbed it. One man, Augustine Courtauld, added a great page to the history of modern Arctic exploration by establishing himself alone on the ice cap in December, in order to obtain a series of winter meteorological observations. We have all read that story in the newspapers. During the last six weeks, before he was relieved in May, Courtauld was snowed into his hut, unable to dig himself out, unable to read or do much cooking because of the shortage of kerosene, able only to lie in his sleeping bag and calmly accept the possibility that he might never be relieved.

"Northern Lights" is an excellent straightforward account of a first class expedition with serious and worthwhile aims. Those young Englishmen were true professional men in the sense that they looked at their work as the doctor or the engineer looks at his, and in the sense that they derived their inner satisfaction through the thorough accomplishment of the work itself, not through the roaring applause of the multitudes.

Gypsy Adventures

RAGGLE TAGGLE. By Walter Starkie. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by KONRAD BERCOVICI

THIS last year has been fertile in books about gypsies; three juveniles that were too serious for their purpose and Starkie's "Raggle Taggle." Walter Starkie's book has received extravagant praise here and in England and I confess that I began reading it with misgivings . . . misgivings which were not dissolved as I turned the pages.

Professor Starkie's "Adventures with a Fiddle in Hungary and Roumania" fill four hundred closely printed pages. He meets gypsy women, condescends to eat with them, drink with them, play for them, and almost to sleep with them. But something always turns up to save him from this last ignominy. At the first meeting all gypsy women bead him. Dance before him naked. Tell him their life stories; pages from the penny dreadfuls. He plays the role of a Lothario half way through and then becomes a Dutch Uncle, confesses the sinners and tries, not always successfully, to save them from Lotharios with fewer scruples than he has. Had gypsy women fallen as easily for the charms of the *gorgio* the gypsy race would long ago have ceased to exist. Richard Burton, Borrow, and Leland, to speak of a few, who have known the gypsies well and intimately, have again and again brought out the fact that Romany Chais hate the *gorgio*.

Maybe the professor was mistaken. These women were not gypsy women. They were café women. There are hundreds of them in Bucharest and Budapest. The flat Hungarian *Pusta* is even flatter in the book. The professor, in search of gypsies, with a fiddle under his arm and a package of flit in his pocket, walks from town to town, village to village, and has little difficulty in earning his living playing for the peasants and the villagers, where the native gypsy starves so often. Be that as it may. The gypsies receive him everywhere, or almost everywhere, with open arms though they don't understand what he says to them. His gypsy vocabulary is limited. His Hungarian is nil. Yet he manages not only to entrance them with his stories but manages to extract long stories from them and to quote proverbs (and quote them exactly) in both Hungarian and Rumanian. Really, the professor works miracles.

Strange things happen to Walter Starkie when he sits down at the campfires. Just to please him, because he has played on his fiddle, the *Tanyana* is danced before him. In all my association with gypsies I have seen the *Tanyana* danced once—and that, when the gypsies didn't know I was watching them. Professor! Was it the *Tanyana*? Are you sure it wasn't *"La Danse du Ventre"*?

* *

Konrad Bercovici, who was born in Rumania, came to the United States in 1916. *He is the author of "The Story of the Gypsies."*

Babies, Just Babies

SO YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE A BABY. By Helen Washburn. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1933. $1.50.

Reviewed by OGDEN NASH

THERE is a story in this book of a new father who returned home in the early hours of the morning for the first look at his wife and baby. The boys at the office had ganged him and in the course of his tour of the bars a huge bunch of flowers he had bought had been reduced to one bedraggled rose. He sloshed to the bedside and laid it on the pillow, saying in a trembling voice: "I have brought you a rose, because you have brought me a baby."

I feel for him. Mrs. Washburn has done all the work, and all that remains for me is to lay a rose on her typewriter. This time at least, in letters as in life, the woman has created; the man can only review. I have written Mrs. above from sheer chivalry; neither the author nor the publishers reveal in the book or on the jacket whether or not the title is applicable. I am therefore left in a quandary, for while there are amusing and instructive passages in the book that no respectable spinster could have gathered the material for, there are also statements that provoked one usually slangless mother into a searing "Oh, yeah?" and even struck a complacent new papa as being a trifle over-roseate. A good many of the pages sound as if they had been torn from a publicity folder advertising a nine months' pleasure cruise. When Mrs. Washburn writes, "The first months of pregnancy, in the normal case, should be the best of your life," and goes on to "Your hair gleams with added luster, your eyes sparkle, your skin clears, and your figure, especially if you never had one before, becomes superb—" well, a masculine observer who doesn't know much about pregnancy but knows what he likes finds himself knee-deep in skepticism. Nor can he believe, much as he would like to, that the actual process of delivery is as soothing to the patient as page 63 would indicate. And the case of the woman who thinks it is all over when the baby is born and then finds out about after-pains and the discomfort of the first nursing doesn't get into the book at all.

I have very rudely put what seem to me to be this book's worst feet forward. As a matter of fact, it's a grand book, full of common sense, and telling the prospective mother most of the things she wants, and ought, to know. Can she keep her job? How much is the baby going to cost? What changes need to be made in the apartment? Is it all right to smoke and take a cocktail? (Mrs. Washburn, bless her, says go right ahead.) What should a layette contain? What about hospitals? How to determine the date? Will she have to get a maid when she returns home? What about the husband problem? The grandmother problem? All these and a couple of hundred other questions that will arise daily in the mind of the lady-in-waiting are sensibly and clearly answered. And if it's only the brighter side of reproduction that is presented, well, the babies are fun after they get here.

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Foothills of the Magic Mountain

PAST MASTERS AND OTHER PAPERS. By Thomas Mann. Translated by H. T. Lowe-Porter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1933. $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE STEVENS

IN the foreword of this book, the translator quotes Thomas Mann as saying: "My essay-writing proclivities seem fated to accompany or to act as critique upon my more creative work . . . 'The Magic Mountain' was accompanied by the composition of critical essays which were its immediate prose offshot." This is an illuminating statement, for it explains what would otherwise seem, in a collection of apparently miscellaneous essays, an astonishing unity of approach.

There is only one paper, and that a brief occasional piece, on Nietzsche: yet the entire book is one of homage to Nietzsche. There is a single general essay called "Culture and Socialism," yet its thesis—the failure of German philosophy to reconcile cultural with social thinking—is implicit throughout all the essays. Each of his subjects, whether a "Past Master" like Lessing or Dürer, or an abstraction like cosmopolitanism or socialism, Thomas Mann discusses in relation to the great complex organism that is German culture, with Nietzsche as his focal point of reference.

As in Nietzsche, there is a strong prophetic quality in Thomas Mann, and it is this which gives "Past Masters" a vigorous immediacy. "The modern, anti-rational hostility to mind"—this is a recurring *leit-motif.*

> We are so far gone in the irrational—to the joy of all baser enemies of light, all priests of the dynamistic orgasm—that it now looks like an evil and dangerous rebound. . . . In Lessing's name and spirit let it be ours to aim beyond every type of fascism at a union of blood and reason which alone merits the name of a complete humanity.

That was in 1929, on the occasion of the Lessing celebration. Again, in the essay on "Culture and Socialism," he writes:

> What would be typically German would be an alliance, a compact between the conservative culture-idea and revolutionary social thought. . . . But I must add, that if it is one-sided it will bear no fruit.

Freud's debt to Nietzsche has been frequently recognized. Thomas Mann goes beyond this, to see Freud in relation to the "modern hostility to mind." Psychoanalysis "might be called anti-rational, since it deals, in the interests of research, with the night, the dream, impulse, the pre-rational . . . But it is far from letting those interests make it a tool of the obscurantist, fanatic, backward-shaping spirit. It is that manifestation of modern irrationalism which stands unequivocally firm against all reactionary misuse." Spengler, however, is a manifestation of obscurantism pure and simple, whose intellectual position Mann undermines in an essay of the neatest subtlety and wit. We have been accustomed to thinking of Spengler—in terms of easy catchwords—as the morphologist of human society, and of Thomas Mann as its diagnostician. If there is any truth in these definitions—the latter of which derives from Mann's extensive use of disease as a social symbol—then we must conclude that our present discontents are not of anatomical origin.

The first and longest essay, but the latest to have been written, is that on Richard Wagner. While the author inevitably deals with Wagner in the same general relationships as the other past masters, he does not overemphasize Wagner's cultural position at the expense of his individual importance. Wagner has always tempted his commentators into extra-musical criticism; Bernard Shaw provided the most elaborate example of a brilliantly fantastic structure of "significance" superimposed upon "The Ring." Thomas Mann succumbs to no such temptation. He writes as an artist capable of interpreting another artist in universal terms. It is not the smallest sign of Mann's genius that his discussion of Wagner's music is itself musicianly.

The translator, who apparently has so much reverence for Mann's style that she tries to preserve its Teutonic idiom, does us another disservice in leaving vague the dates of many of the essays. It would be interesting to know how many were actually "prose offshoots" of "The Magic Mountain." All of them deserve to stand as foothills surrounding that *magnum opus.* They make it easier of access, and they contain the same rich vein of gold, lying even closer to the surface.

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Selling by Air

A DECADE OF RADIO ADVERTISING. By Herman S. Hettinger. The University of Illinois Press. 1933. $3.

Reviewed by EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

SCATTERED over the globe are between thirty-five and thirty-seven million radio receiving sets. Fifty-five per cent of families of this country are equipped to join the radio audience, but nevertheless Denmark is the best radio nation, with United States a close second and Great Britain a bad third. We have 604 stations, of which twenty-six are in the red network (WEAF) and seventeen in the blue (WJZ), both belonging to the National Broadcasting Corporation. Columbia has twenty-six stations in one network. There are two regional networks, Yankee in New England and Don Lee on the Pacific Coast. The remainder are independent units, often hooked up with one of the national networks on special occasions.

Such are some of the bits of information the non-technical radio fan may glean from Dr. Hettinger's highly technical book, "A Decade of Radio Advertising." The work is obviously intended for the advertiser and his advertising agent, but any reader who can wade through the closely packed charts, tables, and statistics, and particularly the ponderous language in which books of this character seem to be written, will learn a lot about an advertising medium which has grown from nothing to a $90,000,000 enterprise in ten years. In 1923 American Tel. & Tel., seeking to cash in on a tremendous investment in a radio station, offered to broadcast sales messages at the nominal charge of $100 for a ten-minute talk, and lo! radio advertising was born.

Dr. Hettinger, who is associated with the Wharton School of Commerce, has gone into his subject with a thoroughness and scope limited only by scarcity of records available. He has collected and tabulated information about the size and habits of the radio audience, the best hours, days, and seasons to address it, the types of programs favored by different advertisers, the middlemen available, and other similar data, which makes dull reading but renders the book invaluable as a work of reference. He found little in the way of systematic records, radio broadcasting having grown like Topsy with no one keeping intelligent tab on its progress.

While prudently refusing to take sides the author makes an interesting comparison between spoken and printed advertising. The sympathetic quality of the human voice is the outstanding advantage of radio. Printed advertising has nothing to compare with it, but the latter has the picture, and radio has nothing to equal that. Advertising in magazines and newspapers is displayed against a background of reader interest created by the editorial contents. In radio the advertiser creates this background with programs of entertainment. In a few instances editorial matter, that is the entertainment, may be the advertising message also, as in travel talks where a description of the wonders you will see in a foreign land approximates something of the picture on the printed page. But the comparison leaves for future solution the question whether visual or oral advertising makes a deeper impression.

"Spot" broadcasting is merely the use of an individual station without hookup, by manufacturers to cover a certain portion of their territory or by a local advertiser such as a department store. A by-product of spot broadcasting is electrical transmission. The program is recorded on a device much like a phonograph record and reproduced before the microphone. This saves not only the high cost of live talent but the telephone tolls between stations. As the first electrical transcriptions were crude there was a prejudice against them, but technical improvements have made them so nearly perfect that only the sensitive ear can detect they are not live talent broadcasting. Talent, by the way, is a bigger item of expense than the art and copy of the printed page, being nearly one-fourth the cost of the time. In 1931 more than $90,000,000 was spent for radio advertising, of which the talent got more than $21,000,000.

Denmark possesses one of the most interesting broadcasting systems in the world. It is government owned, carries no advertising, and its programs are peculiarly adapted to the people. Every morning at half past ten the prices for fish at Baltic and English ports are broadcast to fishermen whose boats are equipped with radio so they can make for the best market with their catch. In Great Britain radio is also a government monopoly, but there is a license fee amounting to $2.43. Advertising is not permitted, but English advertisers cross the channel and bootleg their announcements in English from the French commercial station, one of two in France, the other being a government function. The Reich of course controls everything in Germany, the tax is $6, and advertising is permitted only between 8:30 and 9 in the morning, extended till noon one day in the week. Canadian radio is controlled by three Royal Commissioners, the license fee is $2, and advertising is limited to five per cent of the time.

Every ascertainable fact about broadcast advertising has apparently been collected and appraised and arranged for reference and study. The bases on which the analyses rest are given in the appendices, and there is an excellent index.

The Hudson Valley

HUDSON RIVER LANDINGS. By Paul Wilstach. New York: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1933. $3.75.

Reviewed by HELEN WILKINSON REYNOLDS

THE announcement of a new book by Mr. Wilstach will evoke anticipation in all who have read his earlier volumes dealing with Virginia and Maryland and, in this latest regional description by him, his friends will find their anticipations well fulfilled. Mr. Wilstach is not a critical historian, not a research worker in original data and his book on the Hudson River should not be used as an authority for facts; it is obvious that the text provides factual material obtained by the author in a wide reading of previously published works regarding New York and that here and there a statement has, perhaps, crept in from a volume now outdated. Only a specialist would however recognize such instances. That which distinguishes "Hudson River Landings" primarily is Mr. Wilstach's own genuine interest in his subject and his instictively sympathetic approach to it. He has absorbed appreciatively the color and atmosphere and general character of the region of the Hudson and he renders the public in this volume the service of an able interpreter.

The text, so marked by graceful style, is supplemented by numerous and excellent illustrations and, taken together, text and pictures set forth a variety of aspects of life in the valley of the Hudson,—scenery, landmarks, architecture, commerce, literature, famous persons, all are reviewed. Three scenic views from the air are particularly arresting and show how illuminating this form of photography is and how it is bound to become of increasing importance in connection with historical and descriptive writing.

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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

HITHER AND YON

I SEEM to have had a whirl at the theatre lately. I took my whole family to the dress rehearsal of the dramatization of "Thunder on the Left" by that excellent friend of mine of so many years, the antic creator of *The Bowling Green.* The evening was greatly enjoyed. The child actors came through splendidly, and the older *Martin* of the piece was given a most sensitive interpretation. I experienced a real shock, just as I did with the novel, when the sleeping porch collapsed with the children on it. Even as symbolism it seemed a little too much to bear. The presentation of fantasy upon the stage is the most difficult of all things, so let there be praise for this gallant attempt. Naturally there is a deal of astute and beautiful writing in the novel impossible to convey through the medium of a play. . . . Later I went to "Sailor Beware!" and found it extremely amusing, and the love story, in spite of the uproarious comedy, even touching. Sailors, I imagine, are very like that—at least, the play carried conviction, and its construction seemed to me a beautiful job. To me it left no bad taste in the mouth at all—the curse was completely removed from it by the naiveté of the principals. Between the acts, letting my gaze float aloft, I perceived above the proscenium arch the inscription "Operibus Noscimur." This was, naturally, at the *Lyceum* where the old shabby seats are the most comfortable of any theatre-seats I have tried in New York. I wonder what Latin inscriptions other New York theatres may boast? "We are known by our works," a good motto! Although it does not necessarily commit one! . . . *Joseph T. Shipley,* dramatic editor of *The New Leader,* tells me not to miss the Jooss Ballets—though I fear I shall have done so by the time you see this—as their stay is brief at the Forrest Theatre. Shipley says that their "Green Table" is as effective as anything of the sort he knows. . . . *Joseph Rodman Manch,* editor, at 447 Breckenridge St., Buffalo, N. Y., of *Tone,* writes me that this modern poetry magazine has been turned over to him by *Robert Erisman* who started it, and though originally scheduled to appear three times a year Mr. Manch has decided to bring out five issues per annum. The cost is 25 cents a copy, one dollar a year. . . . Of course my friend, *Arthur W. Bell* of The Belfry, at Falmouth, Massachusetts, has been musing a bit this Fall on life and nature. First he sent me some Lines to His Typewriter, entitled

BATTER BOARDS OF CREATION

All authors will admit the kick
From up-flung alphabetic hoof,
When keys with thoughts together click
In framing future galley proof.

Then he burst into the following

SEASONAL DITTY

Set to the Syncopated Rhythm of An Ancient Tune

Everybody's doin' it, doin' what?, scallopin';
Everybody's scallopin', scallopin', scallopin';
All day long just prodding the ooze,
Dearth of eel-grass gives them the blues,
Only hope is striking some booze;
Everybody's scallopin' now.

At least, they *were,* up at Falmouth! *Kenneth Slade Alling* is even more succinct upon a subject that may at this season be considered fairly of the past. And yet, you never know! I was awakened upon a recent gray dawn by one of the little creatures buzzing excruciatingly in my ear:

COUPLET FOR A MOSQUITO

None in ungratefulness exceeds him
Who always bites the hand that feeds him.

Still, the mosquitoes are practically extinct by now in this city, though a sudden warm day or two recently brought a few of them back. . . .

Sometime ago I referred to a certain writer as adopting what I called "the Oxford attitude." Mr. *Orrick* of the Oxford University Press, as an Oxford man, is "moved to protest":

. . . especially since the book which you take as typifying this attitude—"An Essay on Poetics" by *Thaddeus Reamy Brenton*—is by an American connected with the Los Angeles Junior College, California.

I am sorry. Also I think it was somewhat dull of me to refer to an "attitude," as one should say "the Harvard attitude" (which is supposed to be that of indifference), or "the Yale attitude" (a sort of juvenile go-getting enthusiasm.) For every university has many different types of individuals. And my picking of a typical Oxford man, incidentally, seems to have missed the mark by a mile! . . . *Kenneth Roberts* has written me that my mention of his historical novels brought him quite a few letters, and *Professor Ernest E. Leisy* of Southern Methodist University at Dallas sends me a list of leading American historical novels selected from one of about six hundred. I am very glad to have it. He says in part:

> Beginning with *John Davis's* "Captain Smith and Princess Pocahontas" in 1805, through *Cooper's* "The Spy" (1821), which had a host of imitators, the historical novel reached a peak of popularity in 1835 when *Simms's* "The Partisan," Kennedy's "Horse-Shoe Robinson," *Carruthers's* "Cavaliers of Virginia," and a host of less well known novels helped to sing the rising glory of "these States." During the 'fifties and 'sixties the *genre* was almost extinct, but in the 'seventies *John Esten Cooke* and others kept it going. "Ben Hur" had an enormous popular vogue, and in the 'nineties, under the inspiration of Stevenson and the Spanish War, there was a second outburst of rococo romance. This wave ebbed by 1905. Now another wave of historical fiction seems about upon us.

Professor Leisy is on the program of the Modern Language Association of America at St. Louis, at Christmas time, to read a paper on "Theory and Practice in American Historical Fiction," and, together with *Dr. G. H. Orians* of the University of Toledo, is engaged in writing a book on the subject. . . . *The Nation* has recently run a symposium on "Books I Have Never Read," by *Carl Van Doren, Harry Hansen, Branch Cabell, Ernest Boyd, H. L. Mencken,* and others. The findings are interesting and amusing. If I began, myself, to list the books I should have read by this time and have not, I fear the result would be too depressing. . . . It seems to me that I have been reading all my life and yet have read practically nothing! . . .

The Wesleyan Cardinal, because of the late *Lee Wilson Dodd's* having been Frank B. Weeks Visiting Professor at that university, led off, in its June issue with an editorial concerning his remarkable gifts as a teacher and his remarkable charm as a man. The character sketch is clearly recognizable by those of us on the *Review* who regarded Lee Wilson Dodd with great admiration and affection. . . . The first number of *The Magazine,* a new literary journal, will be published on the twentieth of this month, at 522 California Bank Building, Beverly Hills, California. Among prose contributors to the first issue I note the name of *Josephine Herbst;* among contributors of poetry, the names of *Yvor Winters* and *Howard McKinley Corning.* . . . I have spoken before this of the late *Lauro de Bosis* with whom, in the company of *Elinor Wylie* and *Antonio Salemme,* the sculptor, I once had the pleasure of spending an evening in New York when the first-named was here. A brave and romantic figure, it interests me that *Ruth Draper,* the celebrated monologist, has now translated his poetic drama, "Icaro," into English and that this prophetic play of his is published by the Oxford University Press. . . . I thank *Gaston Burridge* of Huntington Park, California, for sending me the monthly spread of contemporary poetry edited by *James Neill Northe* in *The Weekly Herald* of Ontario, California. This double page is called "Warp and Woof," it is five cents a copy or fifty cents a year, no payment is made for material and all material *must* be accompanied by a self-addressed, stamped envelope. Intending contributors should address "Warp and Woof," 303 Rosewood Court, Ontario, California. Mr. *D. D. MacDonald,* editor of the *Ontario Weekly Herald,* has given the finest kind of support to his poetry editor's program. . . . And so, until next week, adieu!

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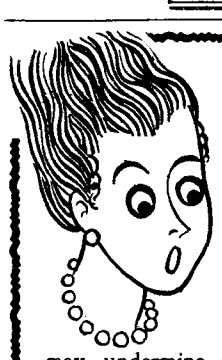

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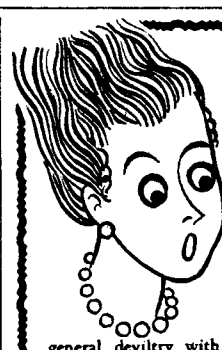

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Author of "The Crime in the Crystal"

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The New Books

Biography

BENVENUTO CELLINI AND HIS FLORENTINE DAGGER. By Victor Thaddeus. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $3.50.

This breezy and competent life of Benvenuto Cellini is to the immortal autobiography as a latter day cocktail is to one shaken before the prohibition. Whoever doubts this need only compare the episode of Catarina, and that of the casting of the Perseus in the two versions. Beyond this, there is really rather little to say except that those who cannot or will not read the autobiography—in translation an entirely accessible book—will find, besides a certain amount of historical background, which interested Benvenuto much less than his own self,—a swift and genial narrative carried off with appropriate gusto. The mystery remains, that given such an antecedent competitor as Benvenuto's own highly varnished tale, anybody should want to write such a book. But it is a day of substitutes, and as things go, this is very readable Benvenutine.

F. J. M., JR.

Fiction

THE TUMULT AND THE SHOUTING. By Ursula Parrott. Longmans, Green. 1933. $2.50.

With her "Ex-Wife" and "Strangers May Kiss," Ursula Parrott caught the attention of the section of the reading public that likes its novels well-seasoned. Caught, too, the attention of the films, and so spread still further her own fame and that of the modern cake-eating and cake-having heroine. Miss Parrott writes in a nice way about people who would be anything but nice if written about in any other way.

In "The Tumult and the Shouting" the author enlarges her canvas. She reaches back four generations into Irish-American families in Boston. She takes up the sisters and the cousins and the aunts, and the brothers and the cousins and the uncles. The Gavins and the Burkes settle, Irish-poor, in Boston, and in a generation attain ease and comfort, if not exactly wealth. Young Shane Burke and young Michael Gavin both fall in love with Protestant girls, and it is their different solutions of the religious and racial problems that set afoot the complications which the children and grandchildren have to live out. Love is the important factor in each of the individual stories that make up the family saga. And love, in each case, leads to trouble, whether it is the hidden love of expediency or that acknowledged by the fanfare of a hearty Irish wedding. None of the loves in this book run into happiness.

The four generations in the novel speak different languages, but they are driven by the same impulses into almost the same situations. Life on the surface seemed simpler for the earlier Gavins and Burkes; underneath, blood eddied and hearts beat to the same complicated rhythms. Conventions, the church, and the family run No Thoroughfare signs across the paths of the young in each period. Some stop, some climb over, and some take a long way round. But they all leave the warning sign standing for the next comers; they are individualists, not reformers.

The reticences of the past and the freedoms of the future have been so exploited in recent fiction that it is not likely that anyone will find much that is new in "The Tumult and the Shouting." Miss Parrott elaborates the sensational activities of her contemporary heroine, reminding us in this of her earlier novels, but in describing the family life of the progenitors of this heroine, the author shows a sincerity and a simple affection for character not found before in her work. While the story of Elizabeth Gavin's unhappy love is not as exciting as that of her great-great-niece Carol's, it has an endearing clarity and warmth missing in the latter.

A Parrott book that is a little better than the other Parrott books.

G. G.

MR. JUBENKA. By Adrian Alington. Houghton Mifflin. 1933. $2.

There is no doubt material for good fun in the situation of a king—one of those convenient Balkan kings—who has been deposed and has come to live in England with the firm intention of using adversity sweetly by living with commoners on equal terms (on the advice of his royal fiancé), but who constantly forgets his position and assumes royal airs. There is fun to be got out of it; but to get it out you must make up your mind whether you are writing high comedy, farce, or character-drama; and this decision Mr. Alington has not made in writing "Mr. Jubenka." The characters are the purest stock figures; indeed, the jacket proudly quotes the *Manchester Guardian* as saying that "the Generalissimo combines . . . the characteristic fatuities of all the stage generals that ever were" as if one more stage general were something to boast of; and the hypothesis makes such wild demands on the reader's credulity as are only suitable to farce. But though the book badly needs the virtues of farce to make up for its faults, it offers only the very mildest and faintest humor, and that chiefly of the old fashioned stage-foreigner kind, with no real reference to the king's royalty. If you think that you might like this kind of thing, try to get Elizabeth's novel "The Princess Priscilla's Fortnight," in which it is done well; here it is done very badly.

B. D.

LEAP BEFORE YOU LOOK. By Alec Waugh. Farrar & Rinehart. 1933. $2.

Mr. Alec Waugh has sometimes appeared as a serious novelist, and sometimes as one of the most careful and artful of entertainers. But in this book he attempts nothing more than the purveying

(*Continued on page* 262)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
BLACK HAWTHORN *John Stephen Strange* (Crime Club: $2.)	Sergeant Potter breaks through old Connecticut family loyalties to find murderer of three in their midst.	Clever clues, plus fog-bound shore, exploding yacht and evil Chinese jar all create tense atmosphere.	A good night's reading
THE SCARLET MESSENGER *Henry Holt* (Crime Club: $2.)	Auriel Maxwell's elderly guardian stabbed in London hotel. Extortion letters to Auriel only clues for Inspector Silver.	Attempts on our heroine's life, love interest, flashback to South African origins, contribute to obscure mystery.	Competent
THE GREEN PACK *Edgar Wallace* and *R. J. Curtis* (Crime Club: $2.)	Blackmail with a dash of lead. England and S. A. (South Africa). No sleuth.	Two and two make four.	Dismissed
THE SIAMESE TWIN MYSTERY *Ellery Queen* (Stokes: $2.)	The Queens, father and son, driven by forest-fire to mountain top mansion, solve, unaided, two strange crimes.	Although almost too clever at times, this one, for background, action and atmosphere, is the Queens' best to date.	Triumph
MURDER MOON *Henry Leyford* (Macaulay: $2.)	"Lady of Death" on rampage on Riviera runs afoul of Fouchard, the GREAT French detective.	Bombastic speeches and silly posturing of "super-detective" plus gaudily melodramatic plot reduce interest to zero centigrade.	*A bas!*

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The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

A COMPLETE PEPYS

ALL things come to him who waits. Intermittently, ever since we began to conduct the Clearing House, we have been trying to find out for *W. B. of New York City* whether a new edition, without excisions, of Pepys's famous DIARY was in preparation. All our usual sources of information failed us, so we resigned ourselves to watchful waiting (and incidentally to keeping poor W. B. waiting too), and now at last our vigilance has been rewarded. For into our office the other day walked Mr. Mansbridge of the Cambridge University Press, full of enthusiasm for Arthur Bryant's SAMUEL PEPYS which the Macmillan Company is putting out in this country for his firm, and at our eager question referring us to that book for the facts we had been so unsuccessfully hunting. We felt like rushing across the street, hatless and coatless, to our good and trusty friend, *The Publishers' Weekly*, shouting "Eureka, Eureka." But we restrained our ardor, and instead fell upon the book immediately upon Mr. Mansbridge's departure. Alas! for our intention of spending but a moment upon it! We found ourselves, regardless of lack of time, beguiled from one to another of its animated pages. But at last we rooted out the information for which W. B. asked and we can now tell him that F. McD. Turner, librarian of the Pepys collection at Magdalene College, Cambridge, is preparing a new edition of the DIARY from John Smith's transcript, which he is checking from the shorthand original. Bell is to publish it in England for the Master and Fellows of Magdalene, and we have no doubt that some American publisher will eventually bring it out over here. The DIARY, as all good Pepysians know, was written in Shelton's shorthand system, and embraced some 1,300,000 words. The six volumes which contained it, bound in leather with gold stamping, were left by Pepys's nephew to Magdalene, and were first decoded in 1819 by John Smith. They have never hitherto been published in full, even the most extensive editions omitting certain portions deemed too "indelicate" for general reading. Now, however, they are to appear complete, and Mr. Turner is bending all his erudition to correcting the large number of minor errors which occur even in Wheatley, the fullest of existent versions. We crave W. B.'s forgiveness for the length of time it has taken us to procure this information for him, and shall let him know as soon as we ourselves discover who is to publish the American edition. Only we think it might be wise for him, if he doesn't hear from us in due course, to jog our memory as to our promise lest we fall prey to a dumb forgetfulness. (How gracefully Gray lends himself to modern slang!)

ENGLAND AND INDIA

When Mr. Mansbridge came in and gave us the clue to the new edition of Pepys we told him that the Cambridge histories were proving a very present help in trouble to us. Hardly had he gone when the mail brought us a request from *M. W. B. of Fair Haven, Vermont*, for "material on the subject of British influence in India." Where, indeed, should she look for it but in the CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF INDIA (Macmillan) which sets forth in detail the story of English rule in that country? Of course, personally we think this would be a grand opportunity for M. W. B. to reread the stirring essays of Macaulay on Clive and Warren Hastings. If she allows for Macaulay's prejudices and checks up against later studies she'll get all the sober appraisal she wants of that colorful period of Anglo-Indian annals together with some of the most brilliant historical writing in the English language. What magnificent movies lie buried in the matrix of those essays. We can imagine no more gorgeous or dramatic spectacles than could be cut from them.

SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE

From the sublime to the ridiculous, or from a pageant of empires to nonsense verse. *N. E. R. of Detroit, Mich.*, wants to know who are the publishers of L. Frank Baum's SONGS OF FATHER GOOSE. She wishes to procure a copy of the edition containing the music as well as the rhymes and can find it in no store in Detroit. Alas and alack, we have unsatisfactory news for her. The volume, which was published by the Bobbs-Merrill Company, is out of print, and the publishers say the only chance of getting it is through some bookshop which still happens to have a copy. Has any of our readers, browsing about in second-hand shops, by any chance happened to notice one? If he has, or if he's seen one in any other shop, we'll be glad to transmit the information to N. E. R.

ON PRONOUNCING NAMES

We had the greatest piece of good luck the other day. Only an hour or two before a letter arrived from *R. S. C. of Indianapolis, Ind.*, asking— No, on second thought we think instead of summarizing her question we'll print it in full. R. S. C. wrote:

> Always I seem to be reading one or another book about far-eastern art or history or whatnot, and, as I read, I continually feel the need of knowing how to pronounce correctly the names I come upon. How, for example, does Mr. Coomeraswamy himself pronounce Sankhayana, or Grhya, or pranah? What do the marks over and under consonants and vowels mean? How are the Chinese and Japanese names that occur in dozens on the pages of Fenellosa pronounced?—In short, is there in the world a book in which one can find, clearly expressed, the rules for pronunciation of place and proper names in Chinese, Japanese, Arabic, Persian, Indian, etc.?

Well, as we were saying, just a short time before R. S. C.'s plaintive appeal came in there arrived on our desk a green bound volume calling itself THE INTERNATIONAL BOOK OF NAMES (Crowell), by C. O. Sylvester-Mawson, which is "a dictionary of the more difficult proper names in literature, history, philosophy, art, music, etc., with the official form and pronunciation of names of present-day celebrities and places, with post-war geographical changes." Its editor and compiler, Mr. Sylvester-Mawson, has at various times been associated with the OXFORD ENGLISH DICTIONARY, the CENTURY DICTIONARY, and with WEBSTER, but not content with the information he has amassed during these labors, he has for this volume gone to first-hand authorities wherever there has been doubt as to the pronunciation of a name. We found quite fascinating some of the instances he cited of myths that have grown up around the cognomens of certain celebrities, and we were delighted to have settled once for all the pronunciation of Oliver Onion's name. Reason told us that it was pronounced like the odoriferous vegetable of our kitchens, but friends insisted that it should be sounded as if it were written O-nigh-ons. That, says Mr. Sylvester-Mawson, is one of the fallacies it seems impossible to kill. Mr. Onions himself has denied its correctness more than once in print, but his readers go blithely on insisting on calling him O-nigh-ons. It takes considerable persuasion, too, to make the public believe that the Stracheys know how to pronounce their name when they say it is Stra-chey and not Strashi.

A LETTER FROM A READER

Alice B. Thaw of Washington, D. C., supplements some suggestions we made not long ago for Spanish books for a young boy. Miss Thaw says:

"A Spanish 'thriller' which I should think a boy would read with delight is Pio Baroja's ZALACAÍN EL AVENTURERO. To one who knows only the Baroja available in translation, this lusty border tale will come as a surprise. The Spanish, as I remember it, is quite simple, and some of the exploits of Zalacaín and his friend—such as the taking of a town single-handed—should appeal especially to a boy in his teens. The edition, illustrated by the author's brother Ricardo, is the best, though if it or the regular edition be not available, there is, I believe, a textbook edition. (But why is it that notes and a vocabulary dull even the most glamorous story?) Why some movie scout hasn't seized upon it long before this puzzles me, for as it stands it has the makings—no additions or changes necessary—of a grand picture."

THE CHILD MANUELA

The Novel of

Maedchen in Uniform

NO one needs to be told that *Maedchen in Uniform* was one of the outstanding film and play successes of recent years. It was important for three reasons. First, it treated for the first time the forbidden subject of adolescent homosexuality; second, its movie success was so great that it was thereafter made into a stage play; third, the movie itself was probably the most intelligent presentation of human values that we have seen upon the screen.

The point about all this—and what is not so generally known—is that both the movie and the play were adapted from a remarkable novel, which we now have the privilege of publishing, completely uncensored, for the first time in an English translation.

This is not a case of "see the movie—read the book." Even if your customers have not seen *Maedchen in Uniform* and do not know of its existence, THE CHILD MANUELA is so big, so powerful, so moving, so universally appealing, that it must strike a responsive chord in the heart of every reader.

It is a much bigger, fuller, richer tale than the part that was selected for dramatization. In essence it is the study of "absentee motherhood" — the poignant and moving narrative story of a young girl torn from familiar settings and sent to a boarding school with its rules, regulations and impersonal, gradual standardization. Of course there has to be a compensation for the loss of parental love. Its form is sometimes cruel, sometimes surprisingly noble; usually it is little understood.

THE CHILD MANUELA deals, therefore, with a subject ordinarily considered taboo but which is intensely interesting and important: the psychological and physiological development of the young mind and soul in relation to others of the same sex and to older people. We cannot emphasize enough that this is one of the great novels of our (or of any) generation; one which can be read now by any reader for enjoyment pure and simple, and one which inevitably will be read for many years to come.

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WIDOW would exchange correspondence with active, intelligent, cultured, middle-aged man with sense of humor. Box 317.

A CULTURED gentleman wishes to be a companion or secretary. Best of references. Economist.

VALUABLE Americana for sale: Series of three Levon West etchings (artist's proofs!) of Lindbergh flight, each signed by artist and autographed by Lindbergh. How much am I offered? This is no fire sale. Box 326.

CONGENIAL companionship through correspondence. Stamp. Box 434, Spokane, Wash.

"SPEECHLESS, audacious group, students of German, wish contact with native educated German with a sense of humor. Telephone, Circle 7-2048."

CHEERFUL, intelligent, and not designing woman desires correspondence with middle-aged man. Object, to add a little zest to life. Anwyl, Box 2421, Honolulu, Hawaii.

WIDOW, intelligent, educated, not highbrow, traveled, awake, healthy, tied down, hardly anybody to talk to, wants correspondent man over fifty, unattached, who likes to talk about what interests him. Shell.

LIFE Insurance at lowest possible cost. Gladwin Bouton, 75 Maiden Lane, New York.

YOUNG middle-aged woman, with a car, wishes to meet a man of about fifty, accessible to Westchester County, who enjoys exploring unknown highways and byways and the exchanging of ideas. Westchester.

PERSONALS

LONESOME Easterner in Austin, Texas, desires friendship with any cultured person, interested in many things (art, for instance), and willing to write. Oh—I'm a female! Do you mind? Box 336.

EXPERIENCED editorial work and rewriting of Ph.D. theses, organization reports and articles or books in the social science field by professional writer and trained sociologist. Rogers and Fitzgerald, 7 East 9th Street. Tel. STuyvesant, 9-7326.

FRISBEE, GEORGE. Has Dr. Samuel Tannenbaum the right slant on Collier? Was Collier really the forger he appears to be? Icarus.

ARTIST, young, Paris-born, graduate of two universities, Doctor of Philosophy candidate in Psychology, Columbia—on verge of creating new, vital type of art, seeks friendship of mature lady or gentleman whose happiness in fostering meritorious achievement would not be clouded by small financial difficulties that might arise. Paul.

VASSAR graduate writes illustrated story letters to children. Send for sample. $2.50 a year. Robin Palmer, R. F. D., Box 251, Port Chester, New York.

REFINED gentlewoman, travelled, would welcome correspondence with intelligent middle-aged man. Object, exchange of ideas. Voyager, Box 2421, Honolulu, Hawaii.

COLLEGE-BRED, middle-aged teacher desires communication from gentleman 40-55 who may wish literary companionship. Box 327.

YOUNG MAN (35) desires correspondence with Protestant girl in New York area, interested in poetry, books, dancing or outdoor sports. Box 328.

IS THERE a refined, middle-aged gentleman, with a sense of humor, who would care to correspond with a widow on travel and general subjects? Box 329.

YOUNG gentleman, hiking around the world, wants companion and backers. Box 330.

DO YOU LONG for the silence of falling snow? Studio in 14 acres of woodland, mile from Ridgefield, available for five months. $15 a month. 12x16, twin divan, bath, kitchenette attached. Box 331.

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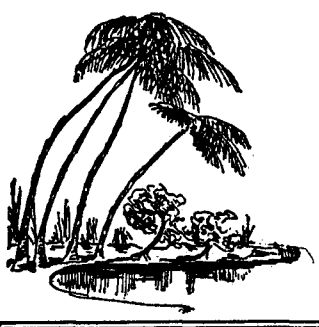
MIDDLE-AGED widow, business woman, musical, studious, well read, interested in worthwhile matters, altruistic and human, but not an "uplifter," desires correspondence with New York *gentleman* past fifty, irreproachable character, with similar temperament. Box 332.

FOR HELP to realize boyhood dream of owning Vermont farm and airplane will give summer home and opportunity of renewing faith in God. Young, educated, city weary. Box 334.



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Illustrated by Hortense Ansorge, $2.

PAYSON, *Publisher*—$2.

The New Books

(*Continued from page 260*)

of wish-fulfilment to women. It should be enough to say of this book that the heroine, a girl who works "in a minor secretarial capacity" and who won't accept her suitor Gerald because he is too poor, is early discovered looking wistfully into a shop-window by a rich man whom she has met once, who promptly takes her in and buys her a frock, saying, "It's nice, isn't it, now and again to let one's dreams come true?"—that she marries him, and when after marriage he and Gerald are brought into competition, she discovers to her surprise that she loves him better than Gerald after all; and that finally he loses most of his money, but she finds that she can be happy merely with love. It will be observed that this pretty fancy ingeniously appeals to almost all classes of readers of women's-magazine-fiction: the girls who still hope that the story of Cinderella was prophetically written about them; the wives of a few years' standing, who are recalling the suitors of their girlhood, and who, though they are sure that they would prefer their husbands if they had to choose, would rather like to have the choice thrillingly offer itself; and the women settling down into middle age, who would be glad of an authoritative assurance that love is enough. The book has none of the artifice which gave real distinction even to Mr. Waugh's lighter work, but it is written competently.

B. D.

BEYOND LAW. By Frank B. Linderman. Day. 1933. $2.

Lige Mounts, free trapper, appears again in this story by Mr. Linderman of upper Missouri fur-trade days. The tale is dated 1833, in the time when the steamboat *Yellowstone* carried up to Fort Union, of the American Fur Company, at the mouth of the Yellowstone River, the distinguished tourists Maximilian, Prince of Wied, and his artist companion Carl Bodmer. And also, for the purposes of the narrative, Lige Mounts.

"Beyond Law" is a somewhat garrulous statement of facts, by Mounts, in characterizing language, detailing his relations with crafty Mr. Angus Cameron of the trading post—relations that finally drove Mounts into taking upon himself the law for the lawless. The chief values of the story lie in its historical scene and its faithful atmosphere of river and trading post. And since the plot is bare of love-and-woman interest the tale, as simply told, is as much a story for boys as it is a novel.

E. L. S.

CHANGING PATTERNS. By William Dana Orcutt. Dodd, Mead. 1933. $2.

Mr. Orcutt's ninth novel and twenty-second book is a triumph of the machine age. There is a story, but it manages to resemble any number of other easily forgotten stories; there are people in it, but they all look and behave alike and would equally fall down on their faces if a strong breeze came their way. It plays in the milieus of Boston, New York, and some Italian towns, and involves the rewinning and remarriage of his divorced wife by a man whose friends conspire to bring this end about.

L. Z.

Short stories by

DOROTHY PARKER

Published by Viking Press

AFTER SUCH PLEASURES

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ville: Moby-Dick.

COLLECTORS CONTEST

ESCHEW AND IGNORE THE Appended data until after consulting the contest in this week's Compleat Collector: (1) Butler: The Way of All Flesh; (2) Dickens: David Copperfield; (3) Grant: Personal Memoirs; (4) Reade: The Cloister and the Hearth; (5) Thackeray: Vanity Fair; (6) Stowe: Uncle Tom's Cabin; (7) Cooper: The Last of the Mohicans; (8) Tarkington: Alice Adams; (9) Crane: The Red Badge of Courage; (10) Joyce: A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man; (11) Bulwer-Lytton: The Last Days of Pompeii; (12) Hawthorne: The Scarlet Letter; (13) Boswell: Life of Johnson; (14) Hemingway: The Sun Also Rises; (15) Melville: Moby-Dick.

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Guess Again

THE presence of oxygen in the sun's corona has been definitely established, *Today* is in its second big month, Alexander Woollcott has sung over the radio, Kansas State has beaten Kansas, and it is fitting that the Compleat Collector should partake of the excitement and embark on another contest.

This week's contest, while it hardly plunges the contestant *in medias res*, at least brings him up to the line of scrimmage. He is hereby invited to identify the fifteen books of which the opening sentences are given below. (The names of the books are tucked into some odd corner of this week's issue. Note that the arrangement, as in earlier contests, is haphazard. Nothing has been edited; in No. 6 the town of P— was the town of P— in the first printing as well as in the one-thousand-and-first; in No. 10 the terminal leaders are as originally set down. By the opening sentence I mean the opening sentence of the main body of the text, which seems the fairest way of handling the business, although No. 12 has a famous introduction. Some of the units are pushovers (as Nos. 5, 13, and 15). Others, however, are highly tricky. The compiler, (who, seeking to be elaborately abstruse, was diligent in specializing in books that he had always heard of but never read) chose No. 2 out of a familiarity dating back almost to the Spanish War—and then, two weeks later found himself unable to say what No. 2 was from.

(1) When I was a small boy at the beginning of the century I remember an old man who wore knee-breeches and worsted stockings, and who used to hobble about the street of our village with the help of a stick.

(2) Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show.

(3) My family is American, and has been for generations, in all its branches, direct and collateral.

(4) Not a day passes over the earth but men and women of no note do great deeds, speak great words, and suffer noble sorrows.

(5) While the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour.

(6) Late in the afternoon of a chilly day in February, two gentlemen were sitting alone over their wine, in a well-furnished dining parlor, in the town of P—, in Kentucky.

(7) It was a feature peculiar to the colonial wars of North America that the toils and dangers of the wilderness were to be encountered before the adverse hosts could meet.

(8) The patient, an old-fashioned man, thought the nurse made a mistake in keeping both of the windows open, and her sprightly disregard of his protest added something to his hatred of her.

(9) The cold passed reluctantly from the earth, and the retiring fogs revealed an army stretched out on the hills, resting.

(10) Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nicens little boy named baby tuckoo. . . .

(11) "Ho, Diomed, well met! Do you sup with Glaucus to-night?" said a young man of small stature, who wore his tunic in those loose and effeminate folds which proved him to be a gentleman and a coxcomb.

(12) A throng of bearded men, in sad colored garments, and gray, steeple-crowned hats, intermixed with women, some wearing hoods, and others bareheaded, was assembled in front of a wooden edifice, the door of which was heavily timbered with oak, and studded with iron spikes.

(13) To write the Life of him who excelled all mankind in writing the lives of others, and who, whether we consider his extraordinary endowments, or his various works, has been equalled by few in any age, is an arduous, and may be reckoned in me a presumptuous task.

(14) Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton.

(15) Call me Ishmael. J. T. W.

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Romance and Adventure

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
COME TO MY WEDDING *Ruby Ayers* (Doubleday, Doran: $2.)	Love Story	She was raised among the birds and posies, was little Gyp (that's the tag, honestly), and the big, bad bachelors welcomed the morsel. But even sophisticates are vulnerable to sweetness and light.	Sugar-water
NO REGRETS *Kathleen Shepard* (King: $2.)	Love Story	The artist returned to his home-town and Anne posed for him despite all the fictional warnings she must have read. He went away, and she went to New York to sell insurance. Clinch ending indicated.	Adequate
THE GIRL FROM GLENGARRY *Ralph Connor* (Dodd, Mead: $2.)	Romance	Sally Rivers inherits her pappy's sawmill, tannery and furniture-factory—likewise a lot of trouble which our handsome hero, unwillingly in the bond business, helps her knock off.	Pure love in the pines
REMEMBER WHEN *Therese Bonney* (Coward, McCann: $3.)	Non-fiction	An album of old photographs similar to the Rogers-Allen "American Procession," but predominantly European in subject matter. See reigning and ex-monarchs in cute knee-breeches.	1899
ART COLONY *Clifton Cuthbert* (Godwin: $2.)	Novel	Sincerely ambitious charmer takes up residence in one of the summer art colonies to absorb benefits of associations. But the things she sees are calculated for the rental trade, grade four.	Punk

Eugene O'Neill's

AH, WILDERNESS!

A Comedy of Recollection

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—BROOKS ATKINSON, *New York Times*

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—ROBERT GARLAND, *New York World-Telegram*

Ah, Wilderness! is a national best-seller. $2.50

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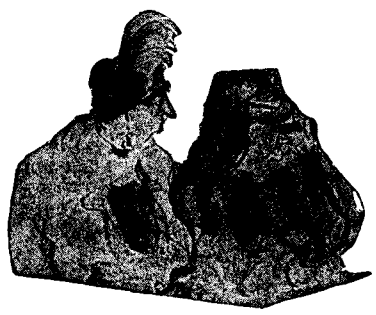
The AMEN CORNER



Concert Colonne

Here is one of our favorite illustrations from a book which "in the multitude of books about Paris," says Mr. John Clair Minot in the *Boston Herald*, "in a unique sense, deserves its title." Its title is, of course *Paris to the Life*, its author is Paul Morand, and its illustrator is Doris Spiegel. "Miss Spiegel's drawings," says M. Morand, "have the great merit of showing Paris as it is and not as the foreigner sees it," which is why he agreed to write the vivid text after Miss Spiegel, an American artist and Guggenheim Fellow, had already made the drawings. As a result, "the harmony is complete and those who love Paris for its solid, human, day-by-day flavor will find 'Paris to the Life' just that." (*New York Herald Tribune.*)

"This book comes at an opportune moment," writes M. Morand in the Foreword. "For a long time after 1919 it was impossible to know the real Paris . . . Paris, in spite of all that may be said of her, is essentially a French city." And though M. Morand is too polite to say so, Paris, now that the exchange is, as it were, on the other foot, is breathing a sigh of relief at being French again. But exchange or no exchange, this book will, for a small sum, take you right back to the Paris you know and love, and even to a Paris you may never have noticed.

It's a long way from Paris to Greenland's Icy Mountains. Or at any rate it used to be before *Skycraft.*[1] But we know a book that will whisk you there and make you like it—*Northern Lights*, which is the story of the British Expedition to Greenland to explore a Northern Air Route under the young Cambridge explorer "Gino" Watkins, who was later drowned on a second expedition, with 64 illustrations, and a Foreword by Admiral Byrd. It is, to quote the *Los Angeles Times*, "both exciting and inspiring," and "the photographs . . . are of National Geographic Magazine calibre."

It is full of amazing incidents, but the most amazing is the five-months underground inprisonment of young Augustine Courtauld, while his companions struggled to find the lost markings of his station. Desert islanders will note particularly what books he enjoyed most: *Vanity Fair*,[2] *Guy Mannering*,[3] *Jane Eyre*,[4] *The Forsyte Saga*, *Kidnapped*,[5] *The Master of Ballantrae*, and *Whitaker's Almanack*. "There were times," he adds, "when the Bible made very good reading."

And the Bible Department of the Oxford Press has just put on our desk a little circular hinting that "An Oxford Bible" is "The Gift Supreme."[6]

So now we have solved at least three of your Christmas shopping problems.

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOKS-OF-THE-MONTH: *Paris to the Life*, by Paul Morand and Doris Spiegel, $3.00; and *Northern Lights*, by F. Spencer Chapman, $5.00.

(1) By Augustus Post, $1.50. (2) In the *Oxford Thackeray*, $3.00. (3) In the *Oxford Scott*, $3.00. (4) No. 1 in the celebrated *World's Classics*, 80c each. Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (5) With illustrations by Roland Hilder, $3.00. (6) Catalogue of Oxford Bibles on request.

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By W. S. HALL

At the Sign of the Sparrow the books of old times,
Old masters of prose and old masters of rhymes.

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

One morning in 1919 I was told not to come home without a copy of *Old English Folk-Lore* by the Rev. T. F. Thistleton-Dyer. H. had read a reference to it in one of my unopened and uncut first editions; she had to have the book. Now the Reverend was not exactly a collected author; I felt I'd simply be wasting money if I did find it. But find it I did and in a shop I'd never been in—Alfred Goldsmith's. With regularity I've been popping in and out of 42 Lexington Avenue ever since.

The shop is two doors north of 24th Street and three steps down from the sidewalk. The windows, flush with the sidewalk, are low, and crammed with ships in bottles, old theatrical broadsides and photographs, candlesticks, Staffordshire figures, prints and—of course—books. But while the charm begins outside, one must enter to meet the proprietor. He is the one with the hat and the spectacles. Likely as not he will be in the midst of a discourse most difficult to pick up and follow. Because of the proper names—Mr. Squeezits, Mr. Tinkertz—Goldsmith makes them up while you wait. He may also sprinkle the talk with an assortment of book-titles which sound imposing and plausible enough but which never existed until that moment. A client soon discovers, among Goldsmith's other accomplishments, that he is a ventriloquist. This knowledge usually unfolds itself when he is alone with his victim who is bewildered by hearing four or five assorted voices about the premises.

Early in 1917 Goldsmith was selling paper. But the wide expanse of blank sheets palled on him; he decided books would be more interesting. He engaged his present shop. And to lose no time, he issued "A Little Catalogue of Desirable Books, mostly First Editions." He took no chances of mail going astray—he held to the address of his home on Seventh Avenue. Then, groping about for a number with which to dignify the catalogue, he chose—10. He explains that nine typewritten book-lists had previously entered the mails, while he was taking preliminary soundings. I hope this isn't true; 10 for a starter seemed very Goldsmith: very much in character with his jolly habit, for instance, of sketching caricatures of his customers on the envelopes bearing their monthly statements.

At the very beginning Goldsmith hitched his wagon to an American star of the first magnitude—Walt Whitman. He's remained a faithful satellite ever since; so much so that to think of Goldsmith brings to mind Whitman, and Whitman in at least a bibliophilic sense means Goldsmith. For in 1922, in collaboration with Carolyn Wells, Goldsmith compiled *A Concise Bibliography of the Works of Walt Whitman.* Six years later they edited *Rivulets of Prose, Critical Essays of Walt Whitman.* And the Good Grey Poet's place in Goldsmith's affections is quickly apparent at a glance round the shop. Portraits, framed letters, editions of "Leaves of Grass" *ad infinitum*, everything but a lock of hair.

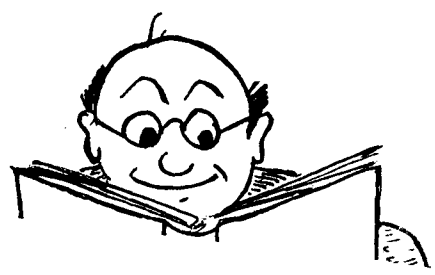
But while Whitman is plainly the favorite of Goldsmith's youth, and, to paraphrase Lew Wallace, still abides with him, there is much else in the tight little quarters. There is, for instance, the back room. In this sanctum are the more rare and valuable of the recent acquisitions, and when I was paying my bills promptly, I had no hesitation about barging past the rickety guarding door. A low conversation back there heard from the front usually means that G. is charming some one.

One Christmas Eve a hairy puppy tumbled into the shop after Chris Gerhardt. He remained as Chris Goldsmith and for years seemed as much a part of the shop as the books. Jo Davidson has done him in pencil and so he remains—"not for sale."

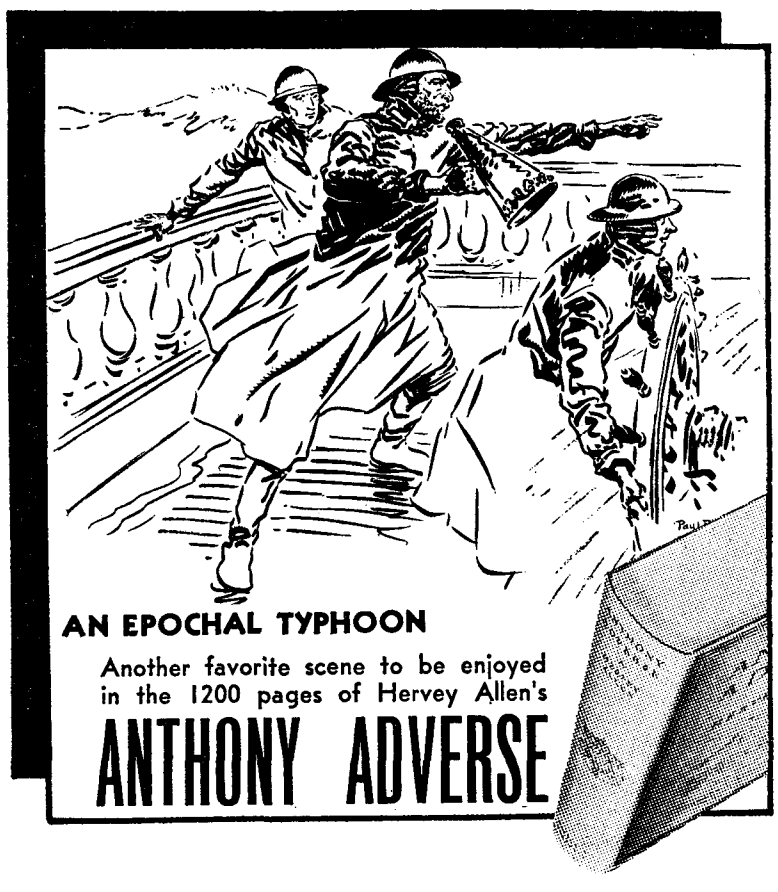
It's too bad Goldsmith hasn't a stretch of wall space, or a white door such as Frank Shay had for signatures. It would be useful in his autograph department, detecting forgeries. A few autographs which might have been there—Joseph Pennell, Branch Cabell (né James), Christopher Morley, John Lane, Mitchell Kennerley, Richard Le Gallienne, William Cotton, Herbert Gorman, Carl Van Vechten, Ignacio Zuloaga, and many others.

I don't want to get sentimental about a place to sit down, but, thinking of all the bookshops I know where one must stand, I can't help getting warm-hearted about Goldsmith's two wooden chairs, between the door and the stove, "where gossips snug by the fire." And while some all-afternoon occupants may present at times a difficult problem, still I'd hate to see them replaced as every other inch of space has been, by a book shelf.

At any rate, here am I in the turmoil of 1933 still stopping in on occasion to sit in one of them, still examining Goldsmith catalogues. I'm indebted to Goldsmith for so many things—for telling me about Max Beerbohm, for instance—that I despair of expressing my gratitude in so brief a story. But I do hope he continues long at 24th and Lexington; he encourages me to hang on at Lexington and 29th.



A RARE GOLDSMITH SELF-PORTRAIT.



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